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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-  
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts  
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

DESPITE Sir Edward Grey's intervention, the ten million loaning agreement between the Chinese Government and a London firm of bankers has not been cancelled. A preliminary credit of £500,000 has actually been transmitted to a Tientsin bank, though it has not yet been drawn upon. The London promoters of the loan affect to treat lightly the warning that they need not expect to count upon British diplomatic support in any claims that might eventually arise against the Chinese Government. If the loan is legitimate, they say, and the security good, official support dare not be refused in such an event. Everything therefore depends upon the quality of the security. The new loan is secured on the Chinese salt tax, and it is pointed out by Reuter's correspondent in Peking that, owing to a heavy shortage in the native customs returns, the greater portion of the salt-tax yield is already earmarked for the payment of the Boxer indemnities. If this is so, the diplomatists would seem to have a strong lever in their hands against the loan. It is asserted by some that the principal purpose in this latest loan affair is to force the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank, the British member of the six-Power banking monopoly, to admit outside British participation in the Chinese loan business.

On Monday night the Geneva correspondent of the Paris "Temps" announced that an acceptable basis of peace had been found between Italy and Turkey. According to his account, the territorial difficulty had been met by a compromise. Turkey would tacitly accept the *fait accompli* in Tripoli, and withdraw her troops, but would not be called upon to acknowledge formally the Italian annexation. The coast would go to Italy automatically by right of conquest, but a port, either on the Tunisian or Egyptian frontier, would be left to Turkey, in order to give her access to the hinterland, which both parties would agree to regard as a sort of no man's land—a really extraordinary provision. Another principal feature of the agreement was to be a loan of some twenty or thirty millions sterling, to enable Turkey to reorganise her finances.

THE comments of the semi-official Italian press show that, in essentials, the "Temps" has not been very far misled by its correspondent, but he seems to have been too sanguine in supposing that the conclusion of peace is close at hand. Diplomacy is a slow-moving machine at any time, and there are still some difficulties to be overcome. The end of the war, however, is now in sight. An important factor for peace is Turkey's financial needs. She will shortly be compelled to appeal to the European markets for a loan to cover her normal budget deficit, and she will be able to obtain no money so long as hostilities continue. If the "Temps" version of the negotiations is accurate, she will emerge from the struggle with very little discredit.

THE demonstrations which are intended to beat up Ulster to the final frenzy of signing the anti-Home Rule Covenant were opened on Wednesday with a great meeting at Enniskillen. The show figure was "General" Carson, whose name is to head the list of covenanters, with Lord Hugh Cecil as an intellectual well in the background. The Orange procession was of a military character, two hundred young farmers, headed by two ex-dragoons carrying lances, being its chief adornment. Only one resolution, "That we will not have Home Rule," was proposed. Sir Edward Carson kept up the note of forcible resistance. He said that if he was a criminal, it was the Government that made him one. If the Bill became law, it would be resisted by force, as "tyranny" was resisted in 1688. On Tuesday, the "General" inspected his Lisburn contingent, the flower of which was a parade of the Ballymacash Club, armed with "dummy rifles." Unfortunately, Ballymacash was presently eclipsed by the Lambeg contingent, which wore real khaki.

ON Thursday the text of the Covenant was published. It is a double-faced document, with one side turned to violence, and the other to any device that may be found for dodging the law that punishes violence. It runs as follows:—

"Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as of the whole of Ireland, subversive

of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we, whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of his Gracious Majesty King George V., humbly relying on the God Whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, hereby pledge ourselves in Solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending, for ourselves and our children, our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland; and, in the event of such a Parliament being forced upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognise its authority. In sure confidence that God will defend the right, we hereto subscribe our names, and, further, we individually declare that we have not already signed this Covenant."

The Ulster women are to sign another document, in which they "associate" themselves with the men, and "pray" that Ireland may be saved from Home Rule.

\* \* \*

This is the Ulster doctrine. The Ulster practice was illustrated in Belfast on Saturday week, when a fierce faction fight took place in the Celtic Park ground—that is to say, on Nationalist property—during a football match. The match was between a Protestant and a Catholic team, and the "Daily News and Leader" correspondent insists that the Orangemen started the fight by singing their song, "Dolly's Brae," and unfurling a Union Jack. In the fierce battle which followed six persons were shot and seventy battered. This scene was followed during the week by more brutal attacks on Catholic workers in the shipyards, and by an Orange raid on Sandy Row. Here the Unionist mob wrecked and looted houses, and sent volleys of paving stones through the windows of ice-cream shops, saloons, and grocery stores owned by Catholics. Some respectable Unionists tried to restrain the mob, which, says the Press Association, was "evidently bent on loot." This, up to the present, has been the unchecked course of the great Ulster rebellion—"Oh, God, our help in ages past" on the hills of Enniskillen, and paving-stones and bolts for fellow Christians in Sandy Row and on the Island.

\* \* \*

M. SAZONOFF's visit to this country—he is to "confer" with Sir Edward Grey at Balmoral—is seized by the "Times" as the fit occasion for completing the ruin of Persia and its partition between Russia and Britain. Russia, having obtained (from us) complete freedom of action in Northern Persia, is to help us to get similar freedom in Southern Persia. With that view, the Convention of 1907, which pledged both Powers to observe Persia's integrity and independence, is to be subject to "revision," or rather "amplification." After murder, division of the price of blood. All we can do is to warn the Government that if this crime takes place, thousands of Liberals will consider themselves absolved from further allegiance.

\* \* \*

A HORRIBLE accident occurred on Tuesday to an express train at Ditton Junction, near Widnes, on the London and North-Western Railway. The train appears to have passed at a high speed—about fifty miles an hour—over a steep gradient, containing a fairly sharp curve and a great number of points. The engine jumped the rails and ran into a bridge, parting from the train. Most of the following coaches dashed into the platform, and were broken to pieces, and some of them caught fire.

Fifteen persons were killed, and forty injured, many dying deaths of unspeakable horror. It seems important to discover why the directions to slacken speed to fifteen miles an hour at the crossing of the points were not obeyed. As the engine driver and fireman were both killed, this may not be made perfectly clear.

\* \* \*

THE protests against the policy which clearly underlies the transfer of the entire French fleet to the Mediterranean that have appeared in the "Daily News and Leader," the "Manchester Guardian," and THE NATION have drawn its apologists into some kind of defence of it. The plea of the "Westminster" is, as usual, that there is nothing to defend. The same blind eye has been applied to every stage of a process which has changed the face of Europe. The "Westminster" asks what "offence" there can be to Germany in an arrangement which transfers the French fleet from the sea in which she could do most harm to Germany.

\* \* \*

THE "Westminster" knows perfectly well that the reason of that transfer, as explained by the organ of the French Foreign Office, was that in the Mediterranean France could deal with the Austro-Italian fleet, while she had arranged with Russia to hold the Baltic, and prevent full German concentration in the North Sea, and with us to share the defence of her Channel and Atlantic coasts, our fleet being deemed adequate to deal with an isolated German force. These arrangements, said Admiral Germinet, were a "necessary consequence of the *entente cordiale*." The German reading of them was the same. "The concentration of the French Navy in the Mediterranean," said the "Frankfurter Zeitung," "which was first represented as a purely naval measure, turns out to be more and more an act of far-reaching political importance," whose real object, this journal proceeds, was a challenge to Italy to choose between France and Germany. The "Matin" has issued the inevitable denial of this "policy," but its authority is far inferior to that of the "Temps."

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FRANCE, we are further assured, has "immense Mediterranean interests," which explain the transfer of the "greater part" of her fleet to the Middle Sea. She has; but they have never impelled her to station the whole of her battleships in that sea, nor, the French press assures us, would she have done so without "formal assurances and a precise undertaking" from us. Are there no such "assurances"—no such "undertaking"? Let the Government say so, and we shall be relieved. But not if it simply verbalises afresh its denial of an "alliance." If there is no such "alliance," based on reciprocal engagements, what do we gain by the *entente* save the enmity of Germany? And if there is, we are, as Lord Rosebery said, launched on the full stream of "Continentalism" and our freedom is at an end.

\* \* \*

THESE naval and military dispositions, says the "Westminster," "are purely for the hypothesis of war, and have no effect whatever on the 'peace-life of nations.'" Indeed! The "Temps," which is a more astute student of foreign policy than the "Westminster," expressly states that the re-arrangement of the French fleet reflects the political condition of Europe, while, on the Italian side, the "Corriere della Sera" insists that it creates a new European situation. Does the shipbuilding of England against Germany, and

Germany against England, affect the "peace-life" of these countries or not? Or the close concentration of the two fleets on opposite sides of the North Sea? Or the re-arrangement of the French fleet, in which Germany sees an attempt to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance (if, indeed, it does not completely detach her from her naval arrangements with us)? Incidentally, France is warned that she had better remember that she has a land frontier as well as coasts. Obviously the "peace-life of nations" has been disturbed anew, for at hardly any period since the war of 1870 has the language of the German press been so embittered, and Europe rings again with challenge and counter challenge. The relationships of the great European peoples are utterly disarranged, and yet the Admiralties have nothing to do with it. Doubtless their action merely crystallises policy, and it is the statesmen whose heads should answer for it. But how does that help the "Westminster's" apologetics?

\* \* \*

THE Army manœuvres in the Eastern Counties, based on the "idea" of a Red invading army attacking London, and a Blue army defending it, came to rather an abrupt close on Wednesday, when a battle took place in the country between Cambridge and Saffron Walden. The engagement seems to have been to the advantage of the defence. But the chief question to be decided is whether it was rendered practically nugatory by the too accurate work of the aeroplanes. One set of observers insists that the airmen for each army practically discovered everything that the enemy was about. This, however, is not the verdict of the "Times" correspondent, who declares that the Red Army placed too much confidence in their aeroplanes as to the whereabouts of the defending army. "We had no idea," he said, "that the enemy were in the immediate vicinity" until their rifle fire began to crackle in the woods behind. If this is true, the manœuvres could hardly have been stopped because the aeroplanes had stalemated them. The King attended the final Conference of Generals, and in a speech thanked the army for its work, praised the training, and thought that the aerial experiments had been successful.

\* \* \*

THE Hungarian Parliament met on Tuesday for the first time since June. It was adjourned indefinitely the next day, after the Finance Estimates and other necessary business had been forced through in the face of furious protests by the Opposition. For the greater part of the two sittings the Chamber was in a state of riot. There was almost continuous fighting on the floor of the House, in which at least one Minister took part; and when eventually the police began to clear the Chamber they had to storm barricades of desks. Many deputies were badly hurt. It was hoped during the recess that some sort of arrangement would have been come to between the contending factions, but the negotiations broke down. It is impossible that the present situation should continue; either the Government will resign, or the Chamber will be dissolved. While the Parliamentary disturbance was at its height, there was fighting in the streets outside between the police and demonstrators for a democratic franchise.

\* \* \*

THE suicide of General Nogi, the great Japanese soldier, has set the whole world talking and wondering. In their effort to understand, intellectual Europeans refer to the sublime death of Socrates in prison, the Stoic philosophy, the medieval spirit of chivalry, with its

motto, "Death before dishonor," and even to the suicide, not very long ago, of M. Paul Lafargue, the French Socialist leader, and his wife. In an interesting letter to the "Times," Sir Charles Bruce reminds us in all reverence of that "central fact in Christianity of which the Cross is the symbol." These speculations are interesting as evidence of the instinctive refusal of men to regard any great human act as unintelligible. But they do not bridge the gulf between East and West, or, it would be truer to say, between Japan and the rest of the world.

\* \* \*

GENERAL NOGI's impelling motive may have been the feudal Samurai idea, to us utterly barbaric, of serving his late master after death. According to the "New York Herald" and other correspondents, the Japanese people read into General Nogi's act a protest against the decadence of the national spirit, and particularly against the Western notions of the new Mikado, who drives openly through the streets, and is generally careless of the obligation of secrecy supposed to be imposed upon him by his half-divine character. This Japanese interpretation is possibly sound. Perhaps the most common motive for self-destruction among the Samurai class was a dying protest to recall a liege-lord from evil courses, and General Nogi's suicide may have been such a protest.

\* \* \*

IN the midst of the Borodino festivities the Russian Ministry of Marine suddenly abandoned its pretence that the fleet was not in a state of mutiny. To admit it at such a moment was surprisingly inopportune, and that alone showed how serious the situation was that had led to the proclamation of a state of siege at Kronstadt and Sevastopol. It is impossible to judge exactly how far the trouble has gone, but a short time ago the "Daily Chronicle" reported that mutinous warships had bombarded the Sevastopol forts, and that one of the ships had been sent to the bottom. This report may now be dismissed. But the state of siege at Kronstadt and Sevastopol is still maintained, and if any improvement had occurred we should have heard of it. A rigid censorship is not kept up for nothing. These naval mutinies and the military mutiny at Tashkent are not isolated phenomena. They are fresh and startling evidence of a re-awakening in Russia, which was first revealed by the great strikes that followed the massacre of workmen on the Lena goldfields last spring.

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MR. BERNARD SHAW, writing in support of the movement for improving the treatment of the suffragettes in Mountjoy Prison, comes to a conclusion on forcible feeding which is practically identical with our own. He insists that forcible feeding, being cruel, and even illegal, must be abandoned, but that no Government could assent as an alternative to the release of prisoners who threatened to commit suicide by starvation. If they did, all the criminals in prison could compel a general gaol delivery, and bring authority to an end. Mr. Shaw therefore holds that "cold logic" must compel the Government to allow prisoners who reject an ample diet to starve themselves if they will. He does, indeed, add that the Government will be blamed if a suffragette dies, because they are politically wrong, and the suffragettes are politically right. Personally, we doubt whether, in nature, things will come to this pass. But we are quite clear that if the Government have public indignation to face, they had better not face it by way of a death from forcible feeding.

[We shall publish our Medical Supplement next week.]



## Politics and Affairs.

### LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND HOME RULE.

EVERYONE concerned for the progress of good government in England has long been aware that three unsolved questions stand in the way. The first is that of the finance of local government, which is at present so arranged as to tax progress; the second is that of the relations of the locality to the central government, which enable a single stubborn Minister to stop experiment and hinder advance; the third is that of area, which, with the constant shifting of population and the intermingling of town and country, and indeed of town and town, becomes more and more puzzling and difficult to solve. The three questions, moreover, are related to one another. The local authorities open hungry mouths for State aid, and State aid seems to carry with it some measure of control, while the question what sort of authority is to be given to a local body is closely connected with size. Greater London or Greater Manchester may naturally claim powers denied to Little Pedlington. In adumbrating the possibility of the division of England for certain purposes into some ten or a dozen large areas, Mr. Winston Churchill is giving shape to an idea which has long been in the minds of men conversant with the problems of local government. For many purposes, Greater London, including of course the City and perhaps an area of thirty or forty miles in all directions round Charing Cross, should be a unit. Financially, for example, it should be one area. Wherever the suburban train, the tram-car, or the motor, plies daily to and fro, bringing up the merchant or the clerk to his work, there is, in effect, London. Throughout this area, the rapidly growing value of land and houses is built up by London, and on this value London has as fair a claim to share her burdens as she has on Fleet Street. Similarly, the problems of traffic, and the problems of town-planning and housing, if they are ever to be grappled with as a whole, will be found to extend themselves over the whole area of which a great city is the focal point. There must, of course, be lesser units within so large a system. But at no distant time we shall have to contemplate a Greater London, perhaps a Greater Manchester, and a Greater Birmingham.

The lines on which the new delimitation will proceed will be very difficult to determine. Ask only, to take a single instance, how Lancashire should be treated. Mr. Churchill contemplated the county as a unit. Probably a Lancashire man would recognise three distinct areas, each with a very different life of its own—one centred upon Liverpool, one on Manchester, and the third, perhaps at Preston or at Blackburn. Moreover, Liverpool, so understood, would not only include Birkenhead, but would probably stretch to Chester, while Manchester would include Stockport and a further slice of Cheshire, and perhaps encroach on Yorkshire. But far more important is the problem of the nature of the powers which those larger centres would wield. Before this question can be usefully discussed, it must be

taken altogether out of the peculiar setting which it occupied in Mr. Churchill's speech. Local Government has nothing to do with Home Rule. Home Rule is essentially a method of reconciling national aspiration with a wider political unity. We are giving Home Rule to Ireland because Ireland is historically a nation. By the character of her people, by her position as a separate island, by the tragic record of her history, she needs internal independence to work out her salvation—and ours. This independence means essentially two things—the law-making power and executive responsibility. It is true that owing to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland every Home Rule Bill has contemplated some restrictions, greater or less, logical or illogical, upon the Irish legislature. But it is equally true that every Home Ruler, Irish or English, has agreed that these are exceptions to a rule, and that unless the rule is predominant—unless in the main lines of national life Ireland is to be self-determining—Home Rule would be a sham and a failure. If Wales and Scotland are to have Home Rule, it must in essentials be a government of the same character. This carried with it the consequence, which to Mr. Churchill seems absurd, that there should be Home Rule for England as well. We confess it seems to us strange that after Ministers have talked so easily of a Federal scheme for the four nations, one of the most prominent of their number should announce calmly that an integral portion of that plan is outside the range of possibility. Home Rule all round may or may not be possible. But if it is possible, it includes Home Rule for England. It does not include Home Rule for Lancashire, because Lancashire is not a nation. Lancashire does not demand, and would not accept, a Parliament with legislative powers and a responsible executive. What it needs is local government to administer, for a true social unit, and with reasonable freedom from Whitehall, the powers entrusted to it by the Parliament of Westminster.

For the same reason Mr. Churchill's suggestion has no bearing on the Belfast problem. The centre of the Orange difficulty is that one-half of Ulster does not wish to belong to a free Irish nation. It is a difficulty which from the nature of the case admits of two solutions only. Either the minority must give way and submit to the geographical conditions which determine its place in the world, or there must be a separate Government of the national kind for half Ulster. To the latter alternative there are very serious intrinsic objections. But had the Orangemen, instead of rioting, given their minds to a solution of this kind, were they now willing to accept freedom for Ireland as a whole on condition of separate recognition of their own nationality, it would be right and proper to see how it would be possible to meet their views. The question is in one sense complicated, in another simplified, by their flat refusal to consider any terms at all. They have been an ascendancy, and they are fighting to retain ascendancy. They do not consider themselves a nation, and will not be so treated. They are, in fact, as Irish as Connaught, but they want to be dominant in Ireland as of old, and with this desire British Liberalism will make no terms. The point of immediate importance, however, is that no measure of



local government will meet their case. They are not asking for the kind of government which would suit Manchester or Lancashire. Their attitude is negative. They are merely refusing the kind of government which Ireland as a whole demands.

We cannot, therefore, regard Mr. Churchill's remarks as having any bearing on the immediate problem of the Government, however interesting they may be as a stimulus to the discussion of local government. So far as they are concerned with Irish problems, they may rather tend to darken counsel and confuse the issue. Mr. Churchill, we fear, has not fully escaped the fallacy of regarding questions of self-government as though they were simply and solely problems of good and efficient administration. Good and efficient administration is a very admirable thing, but behind it, deeply rooted in history, are forces of natural sentiment which make for certain groupings and certain divisions with which the Liberal voter who seeks to base order on freedom has to reckon. It is not easy to measure these forces by anything but the historic test, but this test has seldom been more searchingly applied or so clearly proved as in the case of Ireland. Judged by the same test, who can pretend that there is any force making for the division of England? There are diversities of interest. There are divergencies of view as between Lancashire and Cornwall, just as there are distinctions of dialect. There are reasons for giving Lancashire considerable administrative powers, and if to these Mr. Churchill adds reforms approximating to the abolition of the Local Government Board, no friend of social progress will be shocked. But Lancashire will not demand to make her own marriage laws or regulate her own customs and excise. She is as content to be a part of England as Ireland is to be one of the dominions of the Crown.

### CHINA IN PAWN.

SIR EDWARD GREY has prevented China—or rather has tried to prevent her—from raising an independent loan of £10,000,000 in London. His action is only part of a settled policy. He has given his pledge that if China borrows at all, it shall not be from outsiders, but from the international banking monopoly known as the Six Powers Syndicate, and in the conditions elaborated by the representatives of this monopoly at the Paris Conference last June. At first glance Sir Edward Grey might seem impotent in the matter. China, having rejected the Six Powers loan, is presumably free to borrow where she likes. In doing so she breaks no covenant, explicit or implied. On the other hand, it might seem that anyone who wishes to lend China money may do so at his own risk. The difficulty is that no one is very likely to undertake that risk. It is not a matter of good faith or of financial instability. China's foreign debt is not large; her finances are quite equal to carrying a loan of £10,000,000; she has a deservedly high reputation for honesty. The trouble is that she is too weak and ill-organised to ensure respect for the guarantees that she might be willing to offer. Consequently, it is

normally within the power of our Foreign Office to bring any loan scheme to the ground simply by refusing to support it. Sir Edward Grey, then, has had merely to exercise his veto. After an infinite amount of wrangling and political barter, the Powers have succeeded in erecting a financial ring fence around China, and it has been agreed that she shall not be allowed to go outside it. It does not matter how reasonable the security may be, or how high the standing of the bank or banks that may be willing to put up the money; henceforth, in all her borrowings, China is to be confined to a closed market consisting of the six financial groups—British, French, German, American, Russian, and Japanese—which have been granted the monopoly.

This policy of encircling China within a financial wall began some years ago, when it was arranged that no sanction should be given to loans not issued through the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank and its German associate, the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank. France and the United States were afterwards admitted, and more recently, Russia and Japan forced their way into the combination. Not that, like the others, either Russia or Japan had money to lend, being both of them head over ears in debt. But they had political axes of their own to grind, and threatened to break down the whole scheme if they were not admitted. With the entry of these two Powers, the whole character of the syndicate underwent a change. Hitherto it had had financial or rather economic aims in view. Politics were beyond its immediate concern, which was to corner to itself and control the future exploitation of all the vast resources of the country. When Russia and Japan came in with talk of their "special interests" in Manchuria and the like, it was soon realised that such political considerations were necessarily outside the scope of a merely financial organisation, and it was arranged that the Governments themselves should assume the real directorship, and that the banking groups should simply act as their instruments. Thus, China is now completely encoralled and, unless a miracle occurs in her favor, she will be compelled to borrow the money that she so severely needs from the six Powers on their own terms, financial and political.

These terms were elaborated last June in Paris. They have not been officially published, but enough is known about them to enable us to give at least a skeleton outline of them. In the first place, China's borrowing capacity for the next five years is to be limited to £60,000,000—a colossal sum which testifies to the confidence that the Powers have in the new Republic. China does not want anything like £60,000,000, and has repeatedly said so, but the Powers profess to know her needs better than she does, and have agreed to lend up to that amount. Their first offer is of £10,000,000. Other instalments will follow when they think fit. But for five years China will not be allowed to borrow, save through the privileged banks of the syndicate. The six Powers themselves, and not the banks, will be the real lenders. That is to say, they will fix the amount of the successive instalments and the occasion and mode of their expenditure. In these and similar matters, the banks will have no voice. They will be virtually the financial agents of the six Governments.

European supervisors will be appointed, with control of the loan funds, and with the right to veto and modify contracts affecting in any degree Chinese credit. We now come to the special Russo-Japanese stipulations. These have not, we believe, been embodied in a written document. Nevertheless, we are told that cognisance has been taken of them by the associated Governments, and it would be mere juggling with words to deny that they form an essential part of the loan treaty. One of these stipulations is apparently that China shall not be allowed to add appreciably to her military strength. Both Russia and Japan professed to fear that the proceeds of the loan might be used in establishing a powerful Chinese army, which would necessarily impose upon them the expense of maintaining corresponding forces in the neighborhood of the Chinese frontier. In other words, it is agreed that China is to remain permanently helpless against her two aggressive neighbors. Another Russo-Japanese stipulation was the recognition of the respective claims of these two Powers in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Western Turkestan.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that China has refused to consider the conditions of the Six Powers loan? It would mean nothing less than the putting into pawn of a whole nation of 400 millions of people, and the immediate and final abandonment of all the territories beyond the Great Wall. China has every right to claim better treatment from the Western Powers, and more especially from Great Britain and America. She has pulled herself safely through a Revolution which will remain one of the stupendous facts of history. Her recovery, as Mr. Morrison has pointed out, has been beyond all expectations. Customs returns this year promise to be a record; every railway in the country is doing well; trade is booming. "All loans secured upon the Customs," he adds, "have been paid to date both as regards interest and sinking fund, and there is a considerable surplus accumulating to meet the resumption of the Boxer indemnity payments, which have been suspended since last October." There is little doubt that if the money markets were thrown open to her, China could easily raise all she needs. She is ready and in a position to give quite adequate security for her borrowings, and is prepared to accept foreign advice and assistance, but not control or partial partition. She has already made a start in the appointment of foreign advisers. It cannot be supposed that Sir Edward Grey is not aware of all this, or that he is other than reluctantly engaged in forcing upon China a humiliation that she ought not to be asked to undergo. His motive is simple. It is at all costs to preserve the international equilibrium. China, like Persia, is to be sacrificed to a grotesque conception of foreign policy that everywhere and at all times makes the European balance of power the governing consideration. This fatal obsession of Sir Edward Grey's, for it is nothing less, has brought upon us already sufficient discredit and loss. The Foreign Office has long shown that it has lost touch with British traditions as well as with the reality of things, but ours is still a freedom-loving people. Surely something can be done to prevent this infamy in China.

### THE TREASON-MONGER'S PROGRESS.

LAST Wednesday's gathering at Enniskillen marked the opening of an organised campaign of treason in North-East Ulster. Sir Edward Carson and those who are acting with him have made it as clear as they can that it is their fixed intention to resist by armed force the operation of the Home Rule Bill after it has received the King's assent and has become the law of the land. The argument, if it can so be termed, by which they affect to justify this "natural right" of resistance, scarcely deserves discussion. The proposed Constitution "had never been submitted either to them or to the electors of the United Kingdom." This amounted to an act of tyranny "unparalleled in the history of civilisation," and entitled them "to do what they themselves thought right." This pretence of unconstitutional dealing is, of course, only a salve of hypocrisy for the tender-minded. The Home Rule policy and Bill will have received all the sanctions which the British Constitution requires and provides. That Constitution contains no provision for the submission of any separate measure to the electors. Indeed, the notion of a Parliament, elected on a five years' tenure, but empowered only to pass one important controversial measure, supposed to have occupied a place of predominance in the electoral campaign, is a reversal of our constitutional form and usages. Moreover, it is manifest that this sham constitutionalism does not express the real spirit of Ulster. Suppose another General Election were fought, with Home Rule as the first plank in the platform, and an affirmative majority were returned, would these men of Ulster bow to the will of the majority? Not at all. A mere majority has no right to deprive a minority of their constitutional status! Sir Edward Carson dare not tell his Ulstermen that they ought to bow to the will of the majority of the composite British electorate, any more than he dare tell them to demand the exemption of North-East Ulster from the Bill, and leave their co-religionists in the rest of Ireland to the unbridled license of a Dublin Parliament. The constitutional case they put up is not their real case. Their real claim is the alleged right of a minority—apparently any minority, province, county, city, citizen—to resist a law which this minority judges for itself to be unjust. This is the claim to the right of absolute self-government; that is to say, anarchy. So long as a person holds this as a pious opinion, he is a crank: when he proceeds to arm, or to incite others to arm, so as to act upon it, he is a traitor.

It must, then, be clearly recognised that the proposal to which Sir Edward Carson and his Ulstermen, with the support of Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Hugh Cecil, and other English politicians, have committed themselves is treason. The fact that the overt action which they threaten is contingent upon a future event—the passing into law of the Home Rule Bill—does not relieve them from this criminality. If next week's Solemn Covenant either explicitly or implicitly commits those who sign it to a forcible resistance to the Home Rule Bill when it becomes law, its signers are now guilty of a seditious conspiracy. A legal correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," citing the text of the authorities, establishes beyond doubt that "a mere agreement, entered into here

and now to commit an act of treason at some future date—as, for example, by means of an insurrection which is to intimidate and overawe Parliament—is itself a treason.” A threat of merely passive resistance would fall short of treason. But when the resisters “put themselves in a condition to sustain their resistance by force against any attack which might be made upon them in defence of it, defence becomes offence and treason.”

Now, whatever be the exact wording of the Covenant, it is abundantly manifest that force is intended. Not merely is it announced, but preparations upon a considerable scale are being made. Arms are being distributed, thousands of men are quietly drilling, and the first fruits of the policy are seen in the cowardly brutality of the Belfast shipyards, which received no word of rebuke from Sir Edward Carson. What is to be the attitude of the Government confronted by this campaign of crime? So far it has not interfered either with the treasonable meetings or the armed promoters. It has not even intervened successfully to obtain redress for the brutally abused workers, or to secure the elementary right to work. It has looked on while an organised attempt was being made to bully and to blackmail into silence the Home Rule section of Ulster, so as to secure a false show of solidarity in resistance. This policy of non-intervention has its merits—within limits. Many Home Rulers think, or pretend to think, that the resistance of Ulster will evaporate in the “hot air” of conventions, covenants, and protest meetings. But though this is certainly false optimism, it may seem politic to leave alone the treasonable talk and preparations, until they manifest themselves in overt action. For any effective “nipping in the bud” would involve what at this stage would be represented as “a persecution of political opponents.” Indeed, it may plausibly be urged that the main object of these violent speeches of leaders is to irritate the Government into acts of repression, which will manufacture “martyrs.” This is not, indeed, quite our interpretation of the Ulsterian psychology. We believe that Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Hugh Cecil, and other leaders of the revolt are convinced that they run no personal risks in this treasonable talk, because they calculate upon the Government continuing these tactics of moderation. They think the Ministry have not the courage to lay them by the heels, and that if they did, no court before which they could be brought would register a serious conviction against them. Proceeding on this calculation, they are prepared for a long campaign of treasonable talk, fanning the flames of rebellion in Ulster to an ever-growing fury.

They may be right in their immediate reckoning; but, for all that, their game is a perilous one. The exact peril is this. Projected rebellion cannot be kept quiescent for two years. Last week was heard the ominous sound of revolvers in the streets. The theory of “God-fearing, law-abiding” Ulster will not work in practice. Acts of illegal violence in shipyards, factories, and streets will grow in numbers, until a chronic condition of riot and disorder prevails. The disingenuous attempt to treat this hooliganism as non-political, as the “foolishness” or animal exuberance of a handful of irresponsible youths, will be refuted by the

facts which prove that mere brutality commands so general an assent among the Orange clubs that no conviction for any such offence is even conceivable. Now, it will not be many months before the Government, however reluctantly, will be compelled to take special measures to enforce law and order in Belfast. It will then become manifest that this crop of rioting and murderous assaults is no other than the first stage of the very process of armed resistance which Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law have set themselves to procure. What, then, will the Government do with these men? Will they content themselves with sending troops into Belfast and Londonderry to arrest and punish the dupes whose premature resistance is paraded by the Unionist leaders as evidence that “business is meant,” while they leave these peers and privy councillors to enjoy their mean immunity?

### ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

READERS of the first volume of Mr. du Parc's life of Mr. Lloyd George\* may be inclined to award very high marks to character as an element in political success, and very low marks to our most accredited and established methods of intellectual training. We suppose that most students of politics would agree that Mr. George was the most original and the most interesting of living British statesmen. He excels in courage; in the capacity for quick and surprising strategy, which is the mark of good generalship; and in the power to excite an almost universal curiosity about his character and career. He has passion, and also the cool apprehensive intellect which keeps passion in its place. In a word, he is the most brilliant man of affairs in our politics. Yet though Britain is supposed to be a country where, *par excellence*, family or academic culture, or both, are indispensable passports to high office and great power, the records of Mr. George's early life show him to be completely disembarassed of both. Therein, no doubt, he stands with one equally notable and not dissimilar figure, Mr. Chamberlain: but he stands apart from a great company of his own time—Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and a still greater company of the preceding generation, conspicuous for their academic merits and attainments. So far as one can see, Mr. George, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, was never “educated” in our English sense at all. He cannot even be said—to take a very great name indeed—to have had the kind of rough discipline in form and character which the young Napoleon received, much against the grain, in the military school at Brienne. The only public examinations that young Lloyd George ever passed seem to have been those of the Incorporated Law Society. Otherwise, his intellectual training was simply that which the clever, pious middle-class youth acquires for himself in the keen, fresh, disputatious, but not reflective atmosphere of the town chapel and the debating society. We very much doubt whether these surroundings would have sufficed for an English boy, whatever natural genius may have done for him.

\* “The Life of David Lloyd George.” By Herbert du Parc. (Caxton Publishing Co.)



They did not indeed quite stand alone. One or two personal influences of singular sweetness and nobility seem to have been added, and we suspect a certain fondness for Nature, a little akin to Byron's instinctive if wild feeling for her, to have powerfully aided them. And we may well put something down to the Celtic strain, without which one would almost say that the Western world would be left without its poetry. But, on the whole, we have in Mr. George one of the recurring puzzles of intellectual development. Many of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches are models of good English. But, like the peasants of Connemara, who often speak the poetic English of Synge's plays, he learned it as a foreign or at least as a secondary tongue, and, as the early essays quoted by Mr. du Parc show, he did not learn it very well. He is also nearly Mr. Balfour's equal in the verbal dexterities which Parliamentary men use when they are at play with a subject rather than in close contact with it. Yet these gifts are not the visible fruit of wide reading, or of any one of the closer apprenticeships to learning which our Universities afford. They were first displayed, Mr. du Parc tells us, in a village school and a town parliament. A third and a marked feature of his character seems to have been developed without any visible preparation in boyhood. Mr. George may not be the most orderly of workers, but few would deny that he is a great one. Yet, as far as we can gather, his after-school education was in the main an exciting public career, begun very young, and largely spent in dashing fights with Welsh landlords and parsons on the familiar ground of fishing rights and burial rights. That, we suppose, must be called a parochial training; and yet in many ways Mr. George's mind is not parochial at all.

Shall we therefore conclude that there is a real sense in which education, as we know it in an old and well-regimented country like our own, is a poor, even an enervating, school for character, that it fetters the mind, or at all events takes the freshness from genius and clips the wings of its endeavor? To whom, for example, among modern statesmen, would one assign the most original conception of practical British politics? To whom but Cobden? And who was the greatest modern English orator? Most of us would answer—Bright. And the most poetic of our prose writers, perhaps of all writers of English prose since Carlyle? Thomas Hardy. Every one of these men has represented the non-academic spirit, as in politics Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. George represent it to-day. And all of them are eminent for one characteristic above others, that they are critics of the existing order, and, in the literary world or the world of action, are or have been its formidable enemies. This, indeed, is the moral and human interest of Mr. du Parc's otherwise prosaic record of an able, ambitious young man, seeing in his first visit to Parliament a pleasant land to conquer, and realising the swiftest attainment of his boyish vision known to our politics since the days of Pitt. Mr. Lloyd George is nothing like so advanced a theorist as Bebel, or Jaurès, or as Henry George, nor indeed does he belong to the school of revolutionary statesmanship. But no man in recent

times has so thoroughly succeeded in inspiring the mass of men in these countries, and in others, with the belief that he comes from them with an order for their enfranchisement, and that office has not spoiled him for such work. His position is doubtless one of the many illustrations of how easily a strong will and a clear and surprisingly quick intelligence can go through the rather soft mass of cerebration that English society presents to its conquerors. But there is more in Mr. George's career than this. He sincerely believes in a different kind of England from that which exists to-day, and he believes in his ability to change it. In this sense he is a true man of the people, who is not dismayed by the subtlety or the complexity of things, or rather is agreeably and even humorously surprised at their gelatinous quality. He finds, and it is a true discovery, that no modern community is really conservative, and that short of violent change, which he does not contemplate, a career is open to the man who looks at his country, not merely as a prize to conquer, but a body to re-shape and renew.

## Life and Letters.

### SACRIFICE AND SENTIMENT.

WHEN the forty-seven Ronins traced Kotsuke to his lair, they all fell down on their knees before him, and respectfully entreated him to fall upon his sword. For he had passed a grievous insult on their lord, and they, having sworn that their master should be avenged, had gone through long toil and suffering to compass this result. Yet might they not lift a sacrilegious hand upon Kotsuke, for he was a great Daimio, and they were but Ronins. The rule governing the case was clear. Kotsuke was bound to commit hara-kari. To the confusion and bewilderment of the Ronins, he refused to do his devoir. Then the forty-seven took a mighty resolution. They fell upon him with their swords, and despatched him. They did their duty to their lord, and it remained for them to wipe out the stain of sacrilege in themselves. This they did by performing the duty which Kotsuke refused. They fell on their swords in turn—and there are their tombs to this day to prove that the tale is true. Here is a chapter from the romance of old Japan, which we give—we hope without inaccuracy—from memory, a romance to which General Nogi has, we trust, written the epilogue and closed the volume. We think we understand General Nogi's suicide. It is in full accordance with the old-world ideas which the romance of the Ronins embodies. What we do not so easily understand is the measure of approval, and even admiration, which has been accorded to it in the English Press. Japan is no longer in the Night of Asia. She has entered the circle of modern ideas, and these ideas involve a change in the conception of the value of human life, and of the grounds on which it may rightly be sacrificed. It is probably true that the common moral consciousness of mankind has never passed on suicide the extreme condemnation with which it has been visited by the Church. The Church singled out the suicide for special reprobation because, from the nature of the case, he died in sin, and cut himself off from confession, penance, and absolution. The ancient philosophers came nearer to the natural feeling of mankind when they held that the suicide was to be blamed rather as a man who deserted his post, and it is the taint of cowardice in ordinary suicide which, apart from belief as to a future life, men find to blame. But suppose a man had no such part assigned him by the gods; suppose rather that he lived under a tyrant who put him in constant danger of disgracing himself by criminal conformity to a wicked rule; then the ancients

held that suicide might be the only means of escape from that which was worse than death. The Church did not tolerate any such excuse, and it is a mark of the degree to which the decay in traditional views has advanced, that a perfectly futile form of suicide should be discussed with a respect bordering on admiration.

It is not, in fact, suggested that General Nogi had any of those motives for self-destruction which justified it to the ancients, and would at least go far to excuse it to many moderns. The custom of suicide at the death of a Mikado is probably traceable to an original belief of a very simple and naïve kind, that the soul of the dead would live on in much the same way and with much the same needs as in his earthly life. Hence he would require dress, furniture, weapons, food, horses, attendants, followers, and wives, and all these might be placed on his grave, or destroyed, or sacrificed at his funeral, so that their souls—the souls of the broken weapons or burnt clothing as well as the souls of the slain man or horse—might follow him to the shadowy region. But modern Japan is far from these simple beliefs. As long as they were simply and sincerely held, the voluntary sacrifice of a follower was at least ennobled by an intelligible purpose. He would go a-hunting or a-fighting with his master beyond the boundaries of death as here. Modern Japan has discarded all such simple notions. Of her Shintoism, what remains in effect is the cult of the Imperial ancestry—the divine chain which stretches from the living Mikado to the ancestral Sun. This cult in turn is rather the expression of a patriotic idea and of a political system than of a deep-rooted belief in the actual divinity of a particular line. But there survives from Old Japan, we take it, something more than this fragment of pre-Christian and pre-Buddhistic Shintoism. There survives the deeper Oriental conception of the relative worthlessness of the individual life, and the insignificance of its loss. Buddhism, which alone of the great world-religions has a hold on the Japanese, is not the creed to combat this view. On the contrary, it treats individual life as an evil and as the source of all sin and suffering, and though it by no means countenances violent methods of abolishing that evil, it does not meet the pessimistic tendencies of the Orient with any strong assertion of the value of the individual personality. This assertion is, perhaps, the most distinctive contribution of Christian ethics to the ideas of the Western world. But it is a principle which is in danger of some weakening from contact with races where a different standard and measure of action prevail, and it is probable that within our own time there has been a reactionary tendency to hold life cheaper, and to sacrifice individuals to ends supposed to be of greater moment.

This tendency will not be checked by the laudation of a self-immolation that is destitute of intelligible object. The power to give up everything, including life itself, for a sufficient cause is in itself something so admirable, and so far above the reach of most of us, that men will be stirred by any demonstration of its reality. But, as in other cases, so in this, it is not the bare existence of a power, but the application and the use of it, on which a just and reasonable admiration must depend. Any one of Nogi's men who died in one of the somewhat reckless attacks that he conducted upon Port Arthur had a finer and more honorable end. It is splendid to have been able to give up life for an idea. But the result—pathetic when that idea is dictated by simple-minded credulity—becomes distorted and ugly when it has become recognisably empty and futile. The Japanese Socialist who, without immediate hope of saving his country from the evils of modern industrialism, is yet ready for the death penalty, that he may at least prove that there are Japanese who will die for the good, as opposed to the glory, of their country, acts with a reason which may be wisely or unwisely conceived, but is at any rate an intelligible reason. The Suttée, if she immolated herself voluntarily, also acted with an intelligible reason. But, unless General Nogi was influenced by primitive beliefs, he would seem to have acted from the sense of the dramatic. And the conscious sense of the dramatic spoils the drama.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF AMERICA.

If some gigantic cataclysm were suddenly to destroy the entire population of the United States and all their works, reducing the vast territory to a bare wilderness, the philosophic historian of the future would summarise the distinctive contribution of the nation to world-history in the phrase, "big business." He would explain that, while the United States had performed certain useful but inconclusive experiments in political democracy, and had served as a prolific seed-bed for an immense variety of novel religions, educational and social notions, its actual achievement consisted in carrying some of the characteristic forms and forces of modern industrialism to a higher stage of evolution than had anywhere else been attained. He would describe the conjunction of external conditions, the vast and varied material resources of the country, with the type of human character in the pioneer and settler, which enabled the forces of capitalistic enterprise to work out the economy of the big business with greater rapidity and with finer logic than in the older countries. He would cite the natural and necessary dominance of the great railroads, and the commercial and manufacturing trusts, mainly based upon the control of transport, and utilising politics for the business advantages from tariffs, franchises, and other public aids towards monopoly of materials and markets. Finally, he would trace the approaching culmination of this capitalism in the emergence from the concrete world of railroad, oil, steel, meat, sugar, of a business-form far more mobile, subtle, and refined, known as the "money-power." The combination of great banking, insurance, investment, and other financial corporations, which has put into the hands of two or three, sometimes harmonious, sometimes contending, groups of men the real control of vast national businesses and the economic fate of whole sections of the country, is a unique fact in history. This abstract "money-power," swift, secret, pervasive, raising and lowering at the will of those who wield it, the value of industries on which depend the livelihoods of myriads of workers or smaller business men, creating, directing, or withholding that flow of credit which is the life-blood of modern business, constitutes the real government in the United States. This is tolerably well understood by all intelligent Americans, and it is imparting a new reality into their politics, which are becoming consciously a war of liberation in which all the leading issues—constitutional, fiscal, legislative, administrative—are treated as weapons in the struggle of "the plain people" against this crushing tyranny of concentrated wealth.

Nowhere is the nature of this struggle more keenly, and we would add more hopefully, envisaged than in the series of vivid chapters of social analysis which Professor Ross has just published under the title of "Changing America" (Unwin). His most interesting studies are devoted to some of the leading by-products of this business power, the corrupting influences of the ascendancy of commercialism over the lives, habits, and mode of thinking in the great Eastern cities where the money-power is dominant, the growth of a new idle class of bond-holders withdrawing from all active participation in affairs, and forming a parasitic class of luxury—destitute of any of the graces or refinement of the leisured classes of the older world. The poisoning of local government by business interests is, of course, the best recognised symptom. Dr. Ross here quotes the striking summary of Mr. Steffens, the most scientific member of the corps of social detectives peculiar to American journalism, "My gropings into the misgovernment of cities have drawn me everywhere, and always, out of politics into business. Business started the corruption of politics in Pittsburgh, upholds it in Philadelphia, boomed with it in Chicago, and withered with its reform, and in New York business financed the return of Tammany Hall. Here, then, is our guide out of the labyrinth. Not the political ring, but big business—that is the crux of the situation." But not only politics, the churches also, the seats of higher education, every instrument of popular instruction and enlightenment, are in the same peril of corruption. If



the eyes of the "plain people" could be thoroughly opened to the meaning of "big business," they would fight for the life and liberty of the Commonwealth. The interest of those whose deeds are dark is, therefore, to prevent such popular enlightenment. Shall the universities be permitted to teach a political economy which discloses effectively the origins and operations of great corporations? Shall the churches preach the degradation of mis-gotten and mis-spent wealth? They will do so at their financial peril.

In one of his most striking chapters Dr. Ross describes the waning independence of the daily press under the play of the new business forces, by which "the capitalist-owner displaces the editor-owner," and "the advertiser censors the news," while "the 'kept' newspaper, held in bondage to other and bigger investments," occupies an ever-growing section of the field. "On the desk of every editor and sub-editor of a newspaper run by a capitalist promoter now under prison sentence lay a list of sixteen corporations in which the owner was interested. This was to remind them not to permit anything damaging to those concerns. In the office these corporations were jocularly referred to as 'sacred cows.'" There is, of course, nothing here which has not its strict analogy in every "civilised" country of Europe. But there is an important difference in the degree of the abuses. A few years ago "Collier's Weekly" made a detailed exposure of the manner in which the drug trade controlled the press through their advertising. It published facsimiles of the contracts by which leading journals bound themselves to admit into their columns no matter of any sort calculated to injure the interests of the drug companies. The potency of this control was then illustrated by the account of a most sensational debate in the Massachusetts Assembly upon a Bill to regulate the drug trade, not a line of reference to which appeared in any Massachusetts newspaper with the exception of the "Springfield Republican."

But confronting all these present perils of the situation, Dr. Ross is no prophet of despair. Like almost all Americans who live out of Europe, he is a firm and confident optimist. But unlike most American optimists, he gives an intelligible account of the grounds of his faith. He believes in the Middle-West as a sound upholder of the integrity of democracy. The population and power of this section of the country—the great Mississippi Valley—are growing all the time. The true repository of the physical and moral health of Americans, it will not only resist the advances of Eastern luxury and corruption, but its influence and example will gradually retrieve the situation for the whole Commonwealth. He gives a most invigorating account of the new advances which Western States are making in modes of government and education. The extraordinary development of colleges and the zest for educational experiments of every sort, affecting the culture and the industrial efficiency of all grades of the community, are evidence of a deeper and a more wide-spread belief in ideas than prevails in any other country. But not less significant is the new crop of bold experiments in democratic institutions, the referendum, initiative, recall, and other popular devices for checkmating the abuses of the "machine," and for enabling the will of the people to work with reasonable celerity and certainty in the conduct of their public affairs.

It is impossible to read the pages which express the breezy confidence of Dr. Ross in the sound spirit of the common people of the West, among whom he was reared and has lived, without catching something of the confidence of his faith in the redeeming "instinct of the common people." "Strong in the old American spirit, the Middle-West scoffs at solving the social problem by preaching the 'trusteeship of wealth,' or exhorting Dives to regard himself as a 'steward.' It knows philanthropy is good, but it thinks that the linch-pins of society ought to be *rights* and the *spirit of square dealing* rather than gifts and the spirit of kindness. Less advanced in accumulation than the East, it puts the welfare of people above the rights of property, and anxiously legislates for conditions that will conserve the manhood of the working-man."

## THE DECADENCE OF THE PULPIT.

No one reason is sufficient to account for the falling-off in religious observance, and in particular of the habit of church-going, which for middle-aged men distinguishes the world in which they live from that of their earlier years. It is probably connected with the psychology of our generation: people are more easily bored and more intolerant of boredom than was the case a generation ago. But at least a contributory cause is to be found in the decadence of the pulpit. "Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge," says George Herbert. A professional bias may be suspected in the sentiment; yet no one who knows them by experience will underrate the difficulties of the preacher's task. Never, probably, were they as great as now, because never were the mental levels on which his hearers stand so diverse. A modern congregation is like a class made up not of one but of all the six standards; never, however inadequate the forms under which they present themselves, were ideas so widely diffused. The complaint that these difficulties are inadequately met would be unreasonable; preachers are men. But the conclusion forced upon the hearer—particularly when he is also, on occasion, a preacher, and so can make his own standpoint both of pew and pulpit—is that in the great majority of cases no attempt is made to meet them at all.

A distinction, unfavorable to the former, must be made between the Episcopalian and the non-Episcopalian Churches. In Scotland, in particular, the general level of preaching is high. No Scottish congregation would tolerate the type of discourse which finds, if not acceptance, at least endurance, in England. The London pulpit is a sheer dreariness; the Edinburgh pulpit, to take no higher point of view, is an intellectual treat. The result is that, while Edinburgh churches are full, London churches are increasingly empty. Neither music nor the spectacular ceremonial now in fashion takes the place of the living personal word. In England, the Non-conformist churches compare favorably with the Established, in particular as regards male attendance. In the towns, the staple of the congregation in the "High" churches is composed of women, with a sprinkling of youths; it is among the Evangelicals and Dissenters that men of maturer years are mainly found. Preaching draws. A "full" sermon means, in the long run, a full attendance; an "empty" pulpit means, in the long run, empty pews.

The disparagement, and consequent decline, of the sermon has gone hand-in-hand with the revival of medieval beliefs and habits of worship. The Early or Mid-Victorian discourse would seem to us intolerably tedious, but it was less remote from the mind of its generation than the modern sermon is from the mind of to-day; and it was, what the latter is not, a central feature of the Sunday service. Now it has become a mere adjunct. The sacerdotal side of the ministry has been developed at the expense of the prophetic. It would never occur to those in authority to ask, with regard to a candidate for Ordination, "Can he preach?" In the non-Episcopalian churches the question would be one of primary importance: there the sermon is at once an instruction, an exhortation, and an application of religion to the many interests of life. The Anglican sermon, at its best, tends to be an essay. In capable hands it is, no doubt, an essay of a high order; but the distinctive quality of preaching is apt to disappear. At its worst, it is a succession of disconnected platitudes, delivered more or less—generally less—volubly. If the preacher is in other respects estimable, they carry the weight of his personality—a factor which can never be left out of account, but which only indirectly affects his message; in themselves they are vapid, if not studiously null. The habit of extempore preaching has still further lowered the standard. Preaching of the highest order, it is true, is extempore; but such preaching is extremely rare. For a man of ordinary or inferior capacity to dispense with the written—it need not be the read—sermon is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to lapse into the slovenly and slipshod; with few exceptions, the unwritten discourse is unthought-out and unprepared.



It was a happy thought that suggested a selection of characteristic passages from one of the greatest of English preachers, F. W. Robertson—"Passages from the Writings of Frederick William Robertson" (Kegan Paul). The editor, Mr. R. Mudie-Smith, has done his work with insight and sympathy. The title of the book, "The Heart of Things," and the headings of the several sections—"Of National and Social Wrong," "Of Religious Observances," "Of Nature," "Of Truth and Sincerity," &c.—show the outlook adopted and the lines on which the minds both of the writer and the compiler move. Robertson's sermons have exercised a singular influence over thoughtful persons. If, as is probably the case, they are less read than formerly, this is not because their spirit has ceased to appeal to us—it would be truer to say that it has leavened English religion—but by reason of a certain prolixity then imposed on the preacher by convention, but now obsolete. A twentieth-century Robertson would break up paragraphs, simplify constructions, and make two or more sermons out of one. This is why, while "The Heart of Things" may send some back to the sources, its aim is to present Robertson's spirit to those who have neither time nor inclination to go to his complete works.

Like most men blessed, or cursed, with the artistic temperament, Robertson's life, public and private, was chequered; it held more shade than light. He was a pioneer; and the path of pioneers is thorny. He was misunderstood and misrepresented; nor were interior trials wanting. He speaks of himself as "forced terribly by doubts and difficulties that nearly shattered morals and life." He was too highly strung for happiness; he saw too much, he felt too acutely to stand on the normal level of men. He lived in contact with things; names meant nothing to him: hence his alienation from his fellows, to whom names were everything, and his kinship with those in—and outside—all the churches who made, by a homing instinct, for reality. Spiritual truth, he saw, was discerned by the spirit, not intellectually in propositions; "for the things of the other world language is an encumbrance almost as much as an assistance. Words often hide from us our ignorance of even earthly truth." He hated a lie with all the force of his ardent nature, and this passion for truth brought him into conflict with conventional orthodoxy. He held to the Inner Light—"To take the judgment and conscience of other men to live by—where is the humility of that?" and made little of shibboleths—"Our salvation does not depend on our having right notions about the devil, but right feelings about God. And, if you hate evil, you are on God's side, whether there be a personal evil principle or not." For him the evidence of religion was within. "I hold that the attempt to rest Christianity on miracles and fulfilments of prophecy is essentially the vilest rationalism . . . as if the evidence of the senses were more true than the intuition of the spirit, to which spiritual truths almost *alone* appeal."

He knew these things because he had passed through the furnace: the personal note, the indelible trace of autobiography, meets us on every page.

"There are hours, and they come to us all at some period of life or other, when the hand of Mystery seems to lie heavy on the soul, when some life-shock shatters existence, leaves it a blank and dreary waste henceforth for ever, and there appears nothing of hope in all the expanse which stretches out, except that merciful gate of death, which opens at the end—hours when the sense of misplaced or ill-requited affection, the feeling of personal worthlessness, the uncertainty and meanness of all human aims, and a doubt of all human goodness, unfix the soul from all its old moorings and leave it drifting—drifting over the vast Infinitude—with an awful sense of solitariness. Then the man whose faith rested on outward authority, and not on inward life, will find it give way: the authority of the Priest, the authority of the Church, or merely the authority of a document proved by miracles and backed by prophecy: the soul-conscious life hereafter—God—will be an awful, desolate, Perhaps . . . In such an hour what remains? I reply, Obedience. Leave these thoughts for the present. Act—be merciful, and gentle, honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true to the duty that you know. *That* must be right, whatever there is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the Word of God, you shall not be left to doubt."

In theology, the burning questions of our time were not those of his; but the *sava indignatio* with which he met the unthinking orthodoxies of his generation, Evangelical and Tractarian, shows clearly where he would have stood to-day. "Men are wanted who will say out with apostolic authority—'Baptism is nothing, the Lord's Supper is nothing, unless a living spirit be in them.' " "There is such a thing as a *religious non-observance* of the Sabbath." "There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter—Hypocrisy, Pharisaism, and Tyranny." He spoke from experience; he had suffered from all three. Criticism, he believed, had as great a work—perhaps a greater—to do in ethics as in theology; and he was as quick to detect unreality in the one as in the other sphere. "I believe that a secret leaning towards the sin, and a secret feeling of provocation and jealousy towards those who have enjoyed what *they* dare not, lies at the bottom of half the censorious zeal for morality which we hear." Such language is rare in the pulpit; we have in it the turn at which "we stand in the heart of things."

Of the non-political cant of religionists—the most odious form which cant can assume, and as common now as in the 'forties—he was frankly contemptuous. "To say that religion has nothing to do with politics is to assert that which is simply false." Nor was he more respectful to the craven fear of democracy—cowardice was a thing which he ranked with falsehood as simply intolerable—which now, as then, swells the ranks of reaction.

"What appals me is to see the way in which people, once Liberal, are now recoiling from their own principles, terrified by the state of the Continent, and saying we must stem the tide of democracy, and therefore support the Conservatives. Why, what has ever made democracy dangerous but Conservatism? French Revolution—Socialism—why, people really seem to forget that these things came out of Toryism, which forced the people into madness. What makes rivers and canals overflow—deep channels, cut even deeper, or dams put across by wise people to stop them?"

No one foresaw more clearly the social and economic transformation of society, then imminent, and now in active process.

"I think great changes are approaching in our social economy. There is a continual drifting of population from our shores, and gradually the distinction between rich and poor is becoming less prominently marked. The time is coming when more idleness and leisure will not be a ground for boasting any longer, when that truth will come out in its entirety—that it is the law of our Humanity that all should work, whether with the brain or with the hands—and when it will be seen that he who does not or will not work, the sooner he is out of this work-a-day world of God's, the better."

There are two classes of preachers: those who preach because they have to say something; and those who preach because they have something to say. Robertson belonged to the latter. It is good to recall the time when such a spirit as his—free, strenuous, living, and intense—set an example to the English pulpit. It is to be wished, it is very greatly to be wished, that it could be revived in the flat, conventional preaching of to-day.

#### SOMEBODY'S PICNIC.

"PIC-NIC," says Brewer, with his usual readiness, "from pick and nick." The subscribers in kind have each their allotted dish to provide, and as the table is prepared, each item is nicked off; and, to add verisimilitude to his possibly bald and uninteresting narrative, the sage of "Phrase and Fable" informs us that "the custom dates from 1802." The custom of packing a snack to sustain one on a long tramp from home must be older still; and Thackeray's young ladies who had to say "yees" for yes were quite capable of turning "pac-nac" into mincing "pic-nic." We do not tell of the elaborate carting-out by motor of aspics, mayonnaises, and similar kickshaws, to be consumed with all other accompaniments, except possibly a table, in a remote place—rather of the determination to spend a day in the open air without coming home hungry. We must see once, this melancholy summer, a certain loved beauty-spot not within reach of a between-meals walk,

and we must lunch there, and tea there, and spend the middle of the day there, so as to make the very most of it.

There must be something in the nature of a forced march to make a pic-nic a success. If the expedition has not substance apart from the desire to eat in the open, the whole scheme is likely to fail. As children, we sometimes started off with provisions for a day (one would almost say for a week), and after half an hour's walk would sit down and eat everything, then return for the very next meal. And to-day a shower or a scowl from heaven might send us home without unpacking, unless we first got so far from home that the return journey without food became a worse hardship than sitting it out. No pic-nic of the out-and-back order is ever half so successful as the essential halt in a long straight journey, ten miles from anywhere, with your back to last night's bed and your face to to-night's. And, then, it is much better to fish in the bag for the essentials, and one surprise-relish, than to read through a list of eatables and "nick off" the items, so that we may grieve with proper gusto at anything omitted. And the finest of fine days is that which comes when we have determined to dine out, wet or fine, because that is the day long ago set apart for the march that has a lunch in it.

"What went ye out for to see?" asked the prophet. "A reed shaken in the wind?" Yes, very likely that, if it should please the wind to shake the reed; or the reeds all motionless, like the bronze imitations that artists make, their papery stiffness reflected in the blue water beneath the blue sky. Perhaps we shall see a weasel running along a pole over the water, or a family of little weasels playing hide-and-seek, or an adder basking in the sun, or the kestrel that is always hovering over Saltridge actually catch a vole, or only some blue butterflies on the flea-bane. We cannot remember all the things we have seen at pic-nics, nor, even if we could remember them, can we select a series of them that we hope to see again. The country is not a zoo, with all sorts of animals in cages, so that, having seen the hyæna, we can go over and see the apes or the otters, picking and nicking, until we have seen all that we came out for to see. We have a vague but splendid ideal that is summed up in some such simple concept as a fine day in the country. It includes details of neither the pleasant or the disagreeable sort, and its balance is decidedly agreeable.

We cannot decide whether the balance of the actual day has proved agreeable or otherwise. It was pardonable to forget that so beautiful a day and so rare a beautiful day would probably be chosen for a holiday by others, whose pleasure is incompatible with ours. Nobody minded that the spiders should be keeping at least one of their two great holidays of the year; only it was strange that, while not a single spider formed part of the preconceived idea, the spiders of the actual day seemed at times ten million to the square yard. The sunny sides of the stone walls were covered with a medium-sized spider, apparently innocent of the art of spinning webs. They spread out their legs and basked, forming a pattern of stars all over the hot stone. If No. 1 star moved towards No. 2, No. 2 moved upon No. 3, and thus, as soon as ever the first moved, there was a general post over hundreds of yards of wall, till you got giddy at the mere contemplation of the moving spiders. Less discernible in the grass, still, when you looked, there was an equal multitude of another kind of spider there, marching and countermarching in a complicated series of manoeuvres of which possibly some spider general had the key. A later field was woven into one interminable web of silk, each half-foot or so of warp or woof the work of an individual spider scarcely bigger than a midge, and the air was full of little aeronauts, either coming here on their flying gossamers, or departing for another field which must be woven instantane to the same pattern. It seemed as though the whole spider supply of the world had been made in a single field, and to-day was the day for distributing them to their respective stations.

Spiders, as we have said, did not trouble us. They

only amazed us by the prodigality of their numbers. But when we sat to eat in our chosen beauty-spot we learnt that other people of the wild called this their special day. We had not remembered that Dog Kennel Hill was clothed with nut-bushes sprinkled as thickly as apple trees in an orchard; yet here they had been swinging their catkins in March, setting their ovules in the big fruit-bud before the leaves opened, swelling and browning the nuts, till our day was the very day of their ripeness. In another few days the slipperiness of the bud would exceed stability, and there would be as many nuts on the ground as on the tree; but to-day the squirrel that wants nuts must climb for them, and we could pick the fives and sixes without spilling one.

There are Dog Kennel Hills everywhere. It is perhaps the commonest of all names for a hill. We have a feeling that the name must mean something that is not apparent, for none of them seems in the least suitable for kennelling a dog upon. As for ours, it is one of the least of them all, entirely private, without even a footpath over it. We no sooner sit down than a burly form, crashing through the bushes, comes in no other possible guise than that of a keeper. Oh! ideal model of all keepers, he does no more than size us up from the game disturbance point of view, and ask us to have consideration for the "birds." He does not mind us sitting on the bank, and departs with the opinion that we have got a beautiful day at last. Nor do the midges mind us sitting on their bank. Who can wonder that we had forgotten to make allowance for their diminutive persons? It is undoubtedly their day. Everywhere their almost microscopic bodies alight. They work futilely on the cloth, burrow industriously and not for ever vainly in stockings, and achieve instant success on the bare skin. The midge is an incredible thing. Not measuring in height or length or breadth the thickness of a single skin, it can nevertheless pierce several skins with some instrument that it has, and immediately there springs up a mountain five hundred times the size of the digger. This is not its regular work. Not once in a summer, often not once in a thousand years, do the midges of a locality get the opportunity of digging in a man's skin, yet they are all ready for it, and all capable of the same miracle. We are their godsend to-day, and they make the most of it.

We defeat the midges by lighting a fire and burning green grass on it. Some think the remedy worse than the disease, others that anything is better than midges. The midges are gone, and then, as though attracted by the smoke, a vast army of flying ants comes up the hill, and right over the camp. Each ant flies slowly against the wind, passing, if it passes, at the rate of about a yard a minute. Always for several hours there are ants six inches behind one another, and for hundreds of yards along the strike of the hill. The depth of the swarm is at least twenty feet, and it seems as though the air were full of a storm of ants. Thousands settle and run about our bodies, about the table-cloth, and into the eatables and drinkables, for the storm lasts till tea is on, and till we strike camp and flee. All creation seems to have been saving up for this solitary fine day of summer. It is not exactly our day, but certainly it is somebody's picnic.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

### VII.

#### "MILITANT HERE IN EARTH."

EMPTY as the City churches are—so empty that one might fire a revolver to all points of the compass, except the East, without danger to any immortal soul—there is one that is crowded. It stands, almost invisible, tucked away in an alley leading from the river up the hill on which London first was built, and the smell of fishy Billingsgate pervades it for incense. Two other churches stand within a radius of a hundred yards, but itself represents the union of four old parishes into one—St. Mary-at-Hill and St. Andrews Hubbard being the chief: the other two were both, I think, dedicated to St. Botolph, protector of travellers. The very building seems still to embody the spirit of the Church that lay



decent and half-dead through the seventeen decades between the Great Fire and the "Tracts for the Times." One can imagine Wren's clerks elaborating the designs in his office, and the succeeding century gradually embellishing the sacred edifice with the Exodus Commandments framed in classic pilasters above the Lord's Table, a Handelian organ to face them from the west-end gallery, compartments of black oak let out in plots to worshippers, and bunches or festoons of flowers and fruit, deeply carved in wood, and varied with the introduction of lyres, violins, and here and there, perhaps, a surviving cherub's chubby face. Finally, one may suppose, about a century ago, the tastefully embossed and painted ceiling was added for the dome and arches that rest upon four main classic columns in the centre, imitated, possibly, from the country seat of a noble Duke, who enjoyed the right of presentation to the living alternately with the Archbishop.

Thus it was that the structure escaped the ravages of the Gothic invasion, and still remains a very model for "the decent church that topped the neighboring hill." There, over the summits of black penfolds, the Handelian organ, rich in wooden flowers that Grinling Gibbons himself might almost acknowledge, confronts the Commandments of Moses, equally enriched. Raised on iron staves, miniature mitres and crowns stand in Erastian equality. Heraldic emblems in emblazoned ironwork, dominating certain pews, perpetuate the memory of sheriffs now sleeping a deeper sleep than at sermon-time; such as was "that Real Patriot, the Right Honorable Sir William Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London, whose incessant Spirited Efforts to serve his Country hastened his Dissolution on the 21st of June, 1770." And, ranged in dignity along the back, stand ample stalls, fit for the forms of merchant-princes slowly broadening down from sermon-time to sermon-time, while in front of them lay, as they still lie, the great leather-bound Prayer-books and Bibles so intimately connected with the City of London's commercial prosperity and hatred of the French.

But to what circle of impious revolution would a venerable City Father suppose he had fallen, if, instead of waking at the familiar words, "And now," that proclaimed the sermon's end, and the approach of Sunday's dinner, with port on the mahogany sideboard, he were roused from a century's slumber by a priest in stole and white surplice giving out the leading notes of a hymn upon a trombone from the pulpit, and then beating time by clapping his hands to the measure, while an ignoble and partially-washed crowd of common working-men and women combined in a shout of "Hold the fort, for I am coming"! A Scotch express, an aeroplane, a Dreadnought in action, a woman demanding the vote, would not astonish that awakened sleeper more, or cause him a graver shock.

But no one else in that home of ancient peace would now be shocked at all. A little before six, I entered by a back door that brought me sharp in front of those Ten Commandments. Down the main gangway were set the music-stands of a small orchestra—strings, wood, brass, and drums—and shaded lights above them dimly revealed the beauty of the building. "Yes," said the second fiddle, "we generally have a bit of a scrape to get us together before service," and they plunged into the march from "Eli," all doing their best, and keeping time to the last, as in a dead heat. Meanwhile, in the west-end vestibule, a big drum had been set, and men and women were kneeling round it in a circle, praying for a blessing upon its approaching course. The prayer concluded, we issued into the alley, and discovered a detachment of Boy Scouts already drawn up around a white and scarlet flag. Behind them the brass band fell in, clad in surplices, and accompanied by the consecrated drum. Then came the church banner, a squad of Sisters in uniform followed, and anyone who liked joined in their train. So we sallied out into Eastcheap, our flanks supported by patrols specially detailed to arrest the careless passers-by, and impress them into the service of the church. Nay, the priest himself, bare-headed, but in the full uniform of his rank, boldly assaulted the enemy's

redoubts and embrasures to left and right, entering the public-houses, and calling upon the conscripts of tyranny to surrender or die. So we advanced, victorious, down King William Street, and then, leaving the officers to fling the force across London Bridge, or to divert it through the defiles of Billingsgate to the Tower, the commander-in-chief returned to his citadel.

Already the people were crowding into it for security—crop-eared workers from the docks, the fish-markets, and the Southwark streets across the water; women workers, too, in nearly equal numbers, shopgirls, wives of workers, working wives of loafers, City caretakers, and a good many of the respectable classes, both men and women. For to these strange and sanguine enthusiasts even the respectable have souls, and no one is too decent for salvation. The orchestra was discoursing a soft and gentle music, sometimes breaking out, under the irresistible love of battle, into "Scipio" and more martial strains. On a great sheet, stretched across a classic arch before the altar, a lantern, placed beside the Handelian organ, was throwing various scenes, in rather bewildering succession. The basis appeared to be views of the harbors of England, but the series was diversified by pictures of football matches, and still more by moral representations of the gambler's home, the drunkard's conversion, or the chain of sin by which the devil drags his victim into hell, while Christ is seen approaching to save. In another Army church, in Upper Berkeley Street, I had witnessed views of the history of Joshua and the crossing of Jordan, similarly diversified with the dogs of St. Bernard, a sledge surrounded by wolves, and Christ rescuing a woman from a wave-swept rock. I am told that, till lately, a cinematograph was displayed at St. Mary-at-Hill, but it has now been abandoned as common.

At seven o'clock the slightly more regular service began. The Church Army, like the rest of the Anglican Church, appears to me to have an advantage in retaining the well-known prayers written or translated in the sixteenth century. I know their charm is partly due to association; the sound of them recalls childhood's hours, far from happy at the time (for one was always longing for the freedom of Monday), but pleasing in retrospect. And it is partly due also to a silly affection for style—that deeply intermingled Old Adam of literature, which long years of modern journalism do not always suffice to extirpate. But when in the evening the priest's voice is heard repeating such familiar words as "Lighten our darkness," or beseeching God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, for all sorts and conditions of men, there comes a sense of connection with the past, of permanence and quietude, that the most impassioned extempore outpouring of repentance or petition does not give.

I have called the service slightly regular, and its regularity was seen in the use of these familiar prayers, the Psalms, and Canticles; all of which were thrown by the lantern on to the sheet, so that everyone could read them printed large. At proper intervals the lights were turned up, and a clerk at the lectern read a passage from the Book of Job, the priest, in the pulpit, questioning him about the meaning and application; or a woman in college-cap and surplice sang one of those tender and appealing solos that are only composed for England, and are so popular on board our liners on Sunday evenings. In place of the ordinary "lessons," the priest called for verses, first from the Old, and then from the New Testament, which the men and women of the congregation gave with quiet rapidity. There was no regular sermon, but the priest entered into a brief theological discussion with a young verger, who stood beside him in the pulpit, and then called by name upon men and women present to speak of their spiritual experiences and of the happiness they had found. If they meandered, he called "Halt!" with such politeness as can be thrown into a word of military command, and then, after a few rousing notes on his trombone (not that he had given us the smallest opportunity for slumber), he led us headlong into the Army anthem of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which, as I noticed above, he conducted with the zeal and



precision of Mr. Dan Godfrey conducting a band of the Foot Guards.

The title of Prebendary, which marks Mr. Carlile's rank in the Church, is by origin, I suppose, rather mercenary than warlike; but he is himself one of those men whose nature is militant. It may be seen in his bearing, his face, his voice, his telegraphic address of "Battle-axe." As I looked at him and listened to his memories of the Franco-German War, which he thinks (quite mistakenly) first gave him a military bent; as I realised his love of precision, his initiative, his fearlessness of criticism, and his power of command; and then remembered the enormous organisation which he has developed and controlled for just thirty years since first he created the Church Army in a Westminster back street, I could not help regretting the officer that our Regular Army has lost in him. If he had commanded at certain disastrous scenes I have known, how different might have been the result! Under him as Quartermaster-General what muddle, loss, and scandal might have been avoided! I cannot here speak of the Church Army's religious and social work, though I have seen and heard a good deal of it—the troops of Lay Evangelists and Mission Sisters, the seventy Mission Vans perambulating these islands, the missions to barracks and barmaids, to workhouses and prisons, the Labor Homes, Relief Depots, and Night Shelters, the Emigration Farms, the Rescue Homes, the Employment Bureaus for fallen men. The organisation and machinery of all these things may be studied at the Headquarters in Bryanston Street. Our legislators and rigid Socialists may protest that these are but palliatives for a society like ours, sick to the heart. So they are. But, perhaps, after all, it is worth the pains for someone to palliate our daily misery while legislators are devising their Bills for general joy, and Socialists plan out a well-regulated earthly paradise. At all events, there seems plenty of time for palliation before us.

But machinery is not the root of the matter, any more than organisation can express the charity that thinketh no evil. The root of the matter lies in the single soul—the queer, incalculable, confused, stupid, contradictory, base, admirable, and, at certain moments, possibly glorious personality of every man and woman. "Salvation comes by ones," said Mr. Carlile, as though by accident; and I suppose we may assume that salvation is the only thing that matters, for the salvation of the individual soul must necessarily be the object of all our schemes of education, legislation, Government, Socialism, Syndicalism, Anarchism, and the rest. The power and attraction of the Church Army appear to lie in a metaphor—the militant metaphor that Mr. Carlile borrowed from Mrs. Booth or General Booth, or whoever it was that brought "the Army" into religion. For good or evil, mankind loves warfare. The separate soul loves to picture itself as a soldier hard-pressed by the enemy on every side. Most religious thinkers have perceived this military passion. Plato ranked his soldier-saints as the highest order of souls. St. Paul elaborated the metaphor of the whole armor of God that the soul was to put on. People like to think of the hosts of Midian that prowl and prowl around. "The Son of God goes forth to war," is a very popular hymn; change "war" into "peace," and no one would sing it. Courage on the field of life is universally admired and desired, not that it is the one and only virtue, but that no excellence, passion, enthusiasm, indignation, or virtue of any kind is ever possible without it.

There is nothing new or strange in all this. It is the simplest commonplace of religion and morals. The service of the Church Army, as of the Salvation Army, consists in compelling the commonest of men and women to realise the metaphor in the daily life of the soul, no matter how low down they may be, or how near to despair. So it was that in surroundings of eighteenth-century placidity, when to be "religious without enthusiasm" was regarded as gentility's mark (you may see it on an epitaph to this day)—so it was that each crop-eared laborer and feathered girl did, to some extent, understand that the soul deep inside them all was a kind of sentry, holding the fort as one enlisted in a garrison

of warriors. And when we had witnessed lantern views of Christ's history, from Gethsemane to the Resurrection, we all went out into the hostile land of London.

H. W. N.

## The Drama.

### MELODRAMA AND MORALS.

"Everywoman." By Walter Browne. Revised by Stephen Phillips. Produced at Drury Lane Theatre.

WHAT an absurd thing our modern melodrama is! Here is our old friend, Drury Lane Theatre, proclaimed as the seat of the Morality play, and the neighboring hoardings covered with figures in decorous and more or less medieval drapery. Here is the challenging title "Everywoman" to set us all in mind of "Everyman," which we know to be a pious and noble picture of what all the Western world once believed, and many still believe, to be the truth about life, death, and judgment. And then, when the time-honored walls open to us, they disclose no Morality play, alas! but visions of a dress rehearsal at Drury Lane and of Piccadilly Circus by night. Thus, by subtle gradations the cultured flower slips back again to the primitive form and coloring of the wild. It is true that we have a formal approach to the didactic in that a pretty woman is called Beauty, and a light one Vanity, and a good one Conscience, and a bad one Vice, and a fool Witless, while a multi-millionaire, scandalously suggestive of the features and abundant figure of Mr. Taft, and scandalously disappearing with Vice in an electric brougham, appears as Wealth. True, also, that all these impersonations are supposed to play for or against the good of "Everywoman." But I could not but feel that, in spite of two visible clergymen in the stalls, the audience at Drury Lane was mainly assembled for the dress rehearsal and the night scene in front of the Criterion Restaurant. These visions did not stand for very brilliant feats of stage management. Herr Reinhardt would have done them much better, for it seems as if, in spite of last year's lesson, our native genius had not learned to impart either unity or vivacity to the movement of stage crowds. But they were not tedious or specially insincere; they were merely the old-fashioned photographic sets which our simple audiences distinguish as realistic art.

It is only when one comes to the matter of the piece that the Anglo-American authors and decorators of this curious production reveal their incapacity for any critical, let alone any moral, representation. If people want to know anything about life, they must look into their own hearts and examine the tangle of good and evil there, and if they want to realise the play of moral forces on a larger scale, they must go to some competent and courageous interpreter of them—say to Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," or Granville Barker's admirable "Voysey Inheritance," now happily in process of revival. They need hope for nothing from people who are merely borrowing old and fine models and draping them in the garish costumes of spectacle and melodrama. Look at the different aims of "Everyman" and of the authors of "Everywoman." The one takes a theme that is universal, and is, therefore, the choice of all great religious writers, the grown man's attempt (often his failure) to escape from the body of death that grossly hems him in, and to attain freedom and harmony within. The author of "Everyman" associates this effort with the offices and beliefs of the Catholic Church; the modern writers, Carlyle, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, with their own philosophy of spiritual resurrection. But what has this high subject to do with the crude, dragging melodrama of a stage star, led astray by Flattery, cutting Modesty adrift, coquetting with Passion, courted and deserted by Wealth, and finally made happy with Love, whose mother is Truth? If the American author of this sprawl had had wit or invention enough, he could have told his story as satire of the times or as sentimental comedy. Having neither, he merely cobbles one old patch of scene-

painting on to another, fixing a scroll to the mouths of each of the dummies who conduct us through the play, so that we may be quite sure what he means them to represent.

But the chief objection to this form of art is not that it is primitive, but that it is so horribly insincere. What is the point of morals? "Everywoman" is not, thank Heaven, a "leading lady." And every leading lady is not a rake, and if she is, she does not end up with love in a cottage. But it is clear that the author has thought out his play, so far as he has thought it out at all, in terms not of morals, but of stage management. Thus, Scene 1 is Everywoman's Home. Stage opportunity—pseudo-classic groups and dancing, and ingenious play with mirrors. Scene 2 is a Theatre. Stage opportunity—musical comedy in rehearsal (with "Pest," "Flirt," "Dimples," and "Curly" in the chorus). Scene 3—Everywoman's Mansion. Stage opportunity—realistic representation of London life. Everywoman on the table, and (figuratively speaking) Everyman under it. Scene 4—Piccadilly Circus. Stage opportunity—Realistic representation of London life. Scene 5—Exterior of Church. Stage opportunity—repentance, organ music, and scent of incense over footlights. &c., &c. Between these crude appeals, the action creeps along with a sort of jerky dignity, like one of Charles Keene's drunken men, and a dialogue in doggerel limps in company. Contrast this with "Everyman," where the stage devices are of the simplest, while each phase of the action is pregnant with meaning and each sentence searching to the heart. You cannot blame the modern writer for his failure any more than you praise the ancient one for his success. Their aims are so entirely different. If, like the moralist, you have the good of mankind in view, or, like the artist, the truthful and salient representation of life, you put your brains and fancy into this form of dramatic work; if you merely picture a great uneducated audience, who can only be detained in a theatre for three hours by ingenious displays of stage carpentry, you devote yourself to this lesser, but still intelligible, aim. But a dramatist has no right to confuse the two genres, for in doing so he not only puzzles and even harms the simple, but lowers the standard of the theatre. Straightforward melodrama is not without its uses. It comforts the great uncritical mass; and perhaps its larger generalisations are sound, even when its workmanship is unconvincing. But pretence is not good. Better, said Carlyle, fling out at everything than be "quiet infidels, who believe." Better open mockery and literary lightness than moralising as cover for the kind of drama whose only real inventiveness lies in "Piccadilly Circus (New Year's Eve)" and "Exterior of a Church."

I cannot praise the acting, and I must condole with Mr. H. B. Irving, condemned to a penal and ghostly wandering over the extensive Drury Lane stage as "Nobody" (a version of Homer's old pun on "Oὐδὲς"), and with Miss Carlisle, who could add no sharp outline or clear color to so featureless a conception as "Everywoman." The costumes were of all ages and none.

H. W. M.

## Communications.

### MIDLOTHIAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From Gladstone to Hope is a very far cry. Many attacks have been made on Midlothian in vain, and it is a curious commentary on these that the worst equipped Conservative of all should have been the victor. Major Hope has slipped in. Indeed, it is the only thing he could have done. He never could have fought his way in. It is true he has increased the Tory poll by 341 since December, 1910, but these represent not new votes, but defections from Liberalism due to the Insurance Act. This defection is only four per cent. of the total poll; for despite a dead

register the poll now is almost the same as that in December, 1910.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that this defection is being proved in the decline in the number of applications for lodger votes that are passing through Liberal agents' hands in the Registration Courts.

The main conclusion, then, to be drawn from the Midlothian poll is that, apart from a not over-great defection, which may only be temporary, the main body of the electorate declines to accept the Tory policy. On the Midlothian figures it will be a long time before the Tories can hope to gain office.

As to the lessons of the election, perhaps the impressions of one who helped very considerably may be interesting to your readers.

First, let it be said that Liberalism lost nothing in its candidate, unless it be that his profession was one which for long enough has been the subject of mixed criticism. It probably weighed somewhat in the minds of the electors, but such prejudice as there was was overcome by the outstanding ability of Mr. Shaw. It is customary in many cases to provide young candidates with a political wet nurse, but Mr. Shaw certainly did not require one. He had ample assistance, as was only reasonable in such a constituency, but he always took his own meetings and stood his heckling unaided. Without a doubt he has made a fine reputation in Midlothian, and, since the G.O.M. himself, is easily the best candidate, from an intellectual point of view, who has fought the division.

Secondly, it ought to be remembered that his entrance on to the stage was about as badly managed as it was possible to be. For a few brief days Lord Murray of Elibank outdid the German Emperor in the number of his telegrams, and it probably took the Liberal candidate days to leave behind the prospects of success for Liberalism the dust in which the ex-Chief Whip enveloped his start.

Thirdly, emphasis must be placed upon the peculiar nature of the Labor Opposition. Provost Brown had received a certificate of character from Lord Murray of Elibank. Despite this he was accepted as the Labor candidate. During the whole contest I never heard the argument used against him that Labor had accepted a candidate whose political career proved him to be an excellent Liberal. That point was made, and made only in journals like "Justice." Then, again, Mr. Brown was Provost of Dalkeith, and it was held by many that a man who could attain to that position in Buccleuch-riden territory was, on those public grounds alone, eminently fitted to move up a step higher.

Fourthly, there was Hanley. If I were asked to name the reasons in the order of their importance which made a three-cornered contest inevitable, I should place Hanley first. Hanley will not be forgiven until there is some reparation. We have had Crewe and Midlothian since, and we have fought both with barristers, which has not improved our position. How far Hanley counts may be calculated from the fact that the Jonathan of Liberal by-elections, the Lord Advocate, took no part, not from any disinclination on his own part, but, I am credibly informed, because his own executive preferred that he should not. When I first heard this rumor I thought it the worst omen of all, as it indicated a solidarity among the miners that augured well for Provost Brown's vote.

Fifthly, the advent of the land-values group was probably an unwise tactical move. Scotland has nothing to learn from this group, and Midlothian less. The same facts that the victor of Hanley used in Midlothian rang through the press and from the platform, as vividly as ever they did at Hanley, on the occasion of a famous by-election in South Edinburgh, when Mr. Arthur Dewar, K.C., now Lord Dewar, won a notable victory. There was, therefore, no fresh imagination to fire, and as the labors of the Land Taxers were largely confined to the mining districts, I feel convinced that their presence only rubbed salt into a sore. I write as a convinced land-values man, and in no spirit of jealousy of the deserved success of the member for Hanley. Further proof of what I mean may be adduced. The "Scotsman" seized upon the land values campaign and worked hard to disturb the vote of the Moderate Liberal. This overshadowed, to a considerable extent, the real candidature.



Sixthly, the Insurance Act was done to death. I was repeatedly asked not to deal with it, but to speak on the performance and policy of the Liberal Party. In far too many cases speakers acted on the defensive, and in too few on the offensive. The great social effort of the Party from 1906 to 1912 was in many parts absolutely unrehearsed, and the impression left on many audiences was that there was some truth in the parrot cry that Liberalism had done nothing for the workers.

These are my main impressions. I spoke both in agricultural and industrial districts, and found nowhere any live interest in either the Welsh Bill or the Irish. The real issue that told against Liberalism was that the impression was widely current that a working man could best represent the workers.

The real fight was in convincing the electorate that this Government had an honorable record in this respect, coupled with the very real difficulty in view of Hanley and Crewe that the Party was sincere. The women were, of course, active against Mr. Shaw, but I do not believe they were responsible for any large defection.

Now, as to conclusions. It is surely madness to perpetuate Liberal and Labor differences, especially on a falling Progressive vote. The heads of the Liberal Party ought to call a conference of those who know the constituencies to meet Liberal M.P.'s who have special knowledge of such difficulties and special experience, and decide on a policy for the whole country. I know it is impossible to get an agreement with Labor, or to make a formal bargain, but much is possible short of that. I know, too, that Labor does not desire a perpetuation of this feud, and I should imagine they are alive to the results of a system of reprisals. Mr. Illingworth has inherited the fruits of an awkward blunder from his predecessor. He would be serving a great end if he would take this matter up and arrive at some sane conclusion, which would allay bitter feelings, preserve seats that should not be lost, and at one and the same time secure Liberal ascendancy without sacrificing the legitimate claims of Labor.—Yours, &c.,

A SCOTTISH MEMBER.

September 17th, 1912.

## Letters to the Editor.

### IRISH EDUCATION UNDER THE HOME RULE BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of August 31st, 1912, which has only now come into my hands, as I was absent from Ireland, you remark, with reference to the recent statement issued by the Board of National Education, that, "oddly enough, the Commissioners appear to think that in their exposing the shortcomings of the existing system, they are providing an argument against Home Rule." You will allow me to say that these words exhibit a complete misconception of the Board's position in this matter.

The Board is not, as you seem to imply, and as others have asserted, in any sense a partisan body. By its charter it is half-Catholic and half-Protestant; and, since its members are appointed by successive Viceroys, it necessarily represents many different phases of religious and political thought. At the present time, amongst its twenty members, there are at least six or seven professed Home Rulers. It is hardly probable that a statement drawn up and approved unanimously by such a body should have been intended to provide an argument against Home Rule.

The purpose of the action of the Board was simply this: Under the provisions of the Government of Ireland Bill, it is proposed to stereotype the grant for education at the figure at which it may stand at the passing of the Act. The Board is unanimously convinced that, unless the finances of Irish Education are thoroughly revised in the immediate future, this provision will effectually arrest the progress of education; and, furthermore, that being the body entrusted with the control of primary education, the country, and even the Government, would be justified in holding it responsible if it refrained from directing atten-

tion to the danger which threatens the prosperity of the system committed to its charge; and it believes no time could be more opportune for this purpose than while the Government of Ireland Bill is under consideration.

Having no political end in view, the Board deprecates any partisan use being made of its statement, which, though directed against certain clauses of the Government of Ireland Bill, does not touch the general policy of Home Rule, since with this the Board is not concerned. In fact, in its observations with regard to the Education Service, the Board has not gone beyond what many eminent Home Rulers (notably Lord MacDonnell, in a recent letter to the "Scotsman") have asserted with regard to all the transferred services, viz., that the financial provision for them in the Bill, if not amended in Committee, is demonstrably insufficient.—Yours, &c.

W. J. M. STARKIE.

Tyrone House, Dublin,

September 16th, 1912.

[We should be sorry if the words quoted did any injustice to the Board of Education's argument.—ED., NATION.]

### THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE RUIN OF PERSIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I should like, if you will allow me, to say something more about the photographs representing some of the cruelties perpetrated in Tabriz since last New-Year's Day by the Russians and their instrument, Samad Khán Shujá-ud-Dawla, and the remarks and suggestions of some of your correspondents in your last three issues.

First, as regards the photographs, twelve in number, which reached me about the end of last July, and of which another set were obtained independently by Mr. G. D. Turner during his stay in Tabriz last August. In both sets the names of the victims were filled in in Persian, again quite independently, and a careful comparison showed complete agreement as to identity, save in two or three cases, amongst the less noteworthy victims. Written accounts of the atrocities supplied by some of those constitutionalists who had been fortunate enough to escape from Tabriz across the Turkish frontier also reached me in a series of letters, ranging in date from February 1st to the end of last month, and amongst the many horrors described in these were included, in several cases, the subjects of the photographs, such as the dead body of Yúsuf of Hukmábád, cut in two and hanged head downwards, like a sheep's carcase, by order of Shujá-ud-Dawla. These twelve photographs, lettered for reference from A to L, represent the fates of twenty-three victims in all. One of your correspondents, Mr. Edward Garnett, writing in your issue of September 14th, says that they ought to be published, so that all Englishmen may realise the crimes for which Sir E. Grey's policy has made this country responsible. I agree with him, on the whole, though I do not think that they could properly be published in a newspaper having a general circulation, where they would be seen by gentle and innocent readers, whom they would haunt for many sad days and sleepless nights. As a matter of fact, three of them (those lettered A, F and K) were published in the August number of "Egypt," which can be obtained, post free, for 2d. from the Editor, 9, Constantine Road, Hampstead, N.W., while two (A and B, showing respectively four and eight victims on the Russian gallows, guarded by Russian soldiers) appeared in the last number of the "Sphere." If Mr. Garnett or anyone else wishes to have the whole set for the purpose of rousing public opinion, I shall be pleased to obtain them for him, for I have no desire to "conceal these speaking facts," nor, I am sure, does the Persia Committee wish to "keep these *pièces de conviction* in the snug security of its private bureau." Perhaps Mr. Garnett has not learned, as I have, by bitter experience how great are the obstacles to securing publicity for facts which that small but powerful clique of diplomatists, officials, financiers, and journalists which supports the Anglo-Russian *entente* through thick and thin desires to conceal. The recent violent attacks on Mr. G. D. Turner and myself in the "Pall Mall Gazette," à propos of these same photographs,



will, if he reads them, give him some idea of the extent to which the Russian Government commands the support of the bulk of the Unionist, and a considerable portion of the so-called Liberal, Press, in this country.

This brings me to Mr. Cunningham Graham's letter in your issue of September 7th. I agree with him also that "a feeling of shame and indignation" which leads to no action is of little value. But when we come to consider what action is possible, the question is not so easy to answer. Mr. Raymond Litten, in a very sympathetic letter published in your issue of August 31st, suggests a "strong committee," pamphlets, and public meetings. The Persia Committee has been in existence for several years, and has done what it could. I wish it could be made stronger, but that depends on our obtaining fresh admissions, both in and out of Parliament. The Honorary Secretary of the Committee is Mr. Frederic Whelen, 7, Chester Place, Regent's Park, N.W., who has freely given the most loyal and energetic support to its aims. Let such as are willing to aid us, not so much with money as with personal service, send their names to him or to me, and aid us with their counsel and their support. Pamphlets have been issued freely, but they are naturally ignored by that large pro-Russian portion of the British Press to which I have already referred, and it is very difficult to secure their wide distribution, or to judge of their effect. Meetings have been held, of which the largest and most successful was that held at the Opera House on January 15th last. The audience was large (three thousand at least, I should think), sympathetic, and practically unanimous, and the meeting was declared a most successful one; but what did it achieve? I was told on good authority that an influential permanent official of our Foreign Office remarked: "Let them meet and protest as much as they like: it makes no difference to us"; or words to that effect, and it certainly did not prevent the Russians from perpetrating a fresh series of sacrilegious barbarities at Meshhed a month later.

Free speech, and, within the very serious limitations to which I have already alluded, a free press, we still possess in this country, though how long we shall keep them in face of the growing power of the bureaucracy, the evil traditions developed by some of our "Empire-makers" in the East, and the growing apathy of the British people to all that does not immediately affect their personal convenience and comfort, is a very serious question, which must more and more occupy the minds of thoughtful people who hold to the old English traditions of liberty; but so far as concerns popular control of even the general direction of British foreign policy, that has practically disappeared altogether. In the time of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, it was a very real thing, because each of the two parties which they represented had a different policy; but since the dangerous doctrine that foreign affairs are beyond party politics has established itself, such control no longer exists, and the British Foreign Office is practically as autocratic and as insensible to public opinion as the Russian, which more and more serves as its model and ideal. THE NATION and other truly Liberal papers have again and again emphasised the danger of this state of things; but, so far as I know, no practical remedy has yet been suggested.

Even supposing that a sufficient number of voters in this country were so deeply moved about this question of foreign policy as to put it before everything else, what could they do? They could (and probably would) abstain from voting for a Liberal candidate unless he expressly repudiated Sir E. Grey's policy, and promised, if elected, to do all in his power to alter it; or they could go further, and vote for the Unionist, which would be an excellent thing if we possessed the slightest guarantee that the one great Unionist statesman who has expressed sympathy for Persia and mistrust of the Russian entanglement would be placed by his party in control of foreign affairs. As no such likelihood, let alone guarantee, exists, the only alternative would be, where practicable, to support the Labor candidate; and if the Labor Party would adopt as part of their programme a profound modification of our present foreign policy, together with some plan for making the permanent officials of the Foreign Office in some degree amenable to public opinion, this course of action would appear to be the only one which promises. I will not say much hope, but any hope at all. The conclusion, then, to which I have been driven most reluctantly,

is that even should public opinion in this country be far more deeply stirred than has yet been the case by shame and indignation at our connivance at, and participation in, the cruelties perpetrated in Persia by our Russian "friends," it would still be difficult to see how it would make itself felt while Sir E. Grey clings, with that tenacity of purpose which even his most vehement opponents will not deny him, to his pro-Russian and anti-German policy; while the present Government refuses to replace him at the Foreign Office; and while the Unionists, even if one were prepared to swallow the rest of their unpalatable programme, hold out no hope of change in a foreign policy which they might even succeed in making yet more dangerous and objectionable than that pursued by Sir E. Grey.

It is in the hope of eliciting the views of other readers of THE NATION, more experienced than myself in politics, that I have ventured to set forth in so long a letter the difficulties which I feel, and which appear to me almost insuperable. The question whether steam can be raised in a boiler must always be prefaced by the preliminary question as to whether there exists an engine which the steam can set in motion for the accomplishment of our purpose. An agitation, to be of any use, must be combined with some plan of action which promises at least a possibility of producing some practical result. Can any of your readers suggest such a plan?—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. BROWNE.

September 17th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—For over a year the Liberal press has been waging a reasoned and determined campaign against the Persian policy of the Foreign Office. It has been made apparent in many ways that Liberals view with the gravest concern a trend of policy which is not only degrading to the national honor, but which may draw us into a position of extreme danger. To be precise, the policy which I refer to implies the annexation of the southern half of Persia by Great Britain, and of the northern half by Russia. Russia and England would in this manner be brought face to face. England would no longer be an island nation, with the army of an island nation. She would now be a continental nation, forced to guard her new possessions against a huge conscripted army. Against this army there could be no safeguards, other than military ones. Treaties, obligations, *ententes* with Russia, mean nothing. We could never trust her word. She could never trust ours. We could never be friends with Russians, whose barbaric natures are so opposed to our own; they could never be friends with Englishmen, who are all so disagreeable, save the autocrats at the Foreign Office. We should have to keep an army on our Persian frontier of great dimensions, such great dimensions, in fact, that conscription alone would avail to supply the men.

I put it to Liberals, and, indeed, to most Englishmen, that if, by some subtle scheming, conscription were forced upon them, they would die rather than submit to it. Well, then, let Liberals realise that, by the action or compliance of the Foreign Office, conscription is being forced upon the country. Let them organise and crush our present Persian policy as they would organise and crush conscription, for they are one and the same thing.

Finally, I would ask, is there no organisation formed to obviate a danger so pressing? Have the public no definite means of expressing their opinion and subscribing their money to this urgent cause?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN L. STEVENS.

Bradfield, Reading.

#### THE RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN TABRIZ.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Any of your readers interested can see reproductions of the photographs of "high ecclesiastics swinging from the Russo-Persian gallows, with Russian soldiers posed beneath," in the current number of "The Sphere." These photographs are therefore insured of a certain measure of publicity—not perhaps the publicity that would attach to their publication in the "Daily News and Leader," but to

publicity wide enough in degree to relieve you of considering the propriety of printing them.—Yours, &c.,

HY. MONTAGU RYLAND.

23, Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate, S.W.

September 15th, 1912.

### LIBERALS AND LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Replying to me in your issue of September 7th, Mr. Josiah A. Wedgwood, M.P., evades the main points raised in my letter of August 31st, viz., the injustice of ruthlessly halving the capital value of investments in land which have been made to yield but a reasonable rate of interest.

It is absurd for Single Taxers to argue as if land is the only source of income which shows great and progressive increase over any period of years. On the contrary, the gross income reviewed under Schedule A for income tax on land (excluding the houses upon the land) has increased about 10 per cent. only in the last twenty years, say, from eighty-seven millions to ninety-six millions, whilst in the same period the gross income reviewed under Schedules C, D, and E, for income tax on investments, businesses, professions, and government and public company officials, has increased about 60 per cent., say, from 459 millions to 732 millions.

I have challenged Mr. Outhwaite to explain his estimate of 50 millions revenue per annum to be derived from a tax of 2d. in the £ on land, and he refers me to a book written by him which coolly assumes the pure annual value of land to be 60 per cent. of the total rental value of all land and houses!

The gross income arising from ownership of agricultural land (including farm-houses, &c.) is about 52 millions. Possibly 80 per cent. represents land, and 20 per cent. the buildings.

The gross income arising from houses, tenements, &c., is about 220 millions, and certainly not more than one quarter of this figure represents the value of the land on which they stand. Moreover, this land value of about 54 millions obviously includes improvements in the shape of roads and paving.

Single Taxers are deluding their proletariat audiences with promises of placing the whole burden of local rates upon land values by means of a *moderate* (!) tax of 2d. or 3d. in the £ on capital values.

The amount of local rates raised annually is about 71 millions, with a further contribution from the State of 25 millions! A tax of 20s. in the £ of annual value would not suffice!—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FRAZER.

"Homelands," Ealing.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Donald B. Somervell, protests against dragging the Enclosure Acts into the present land controversy. He maintains that they are dead and buried, and that the hardships they inflicted are irrelevant to the question. I could show Mr. Somervell districts within thirty miles of the heart of London where the sense of revolt against the injustice and tyranny of those Acts is as much alive to-day as it was two generations ago.

Old men still tell of the days when they herded pigs for the cottagers in the vast "common woods" that are now enclosed for game. The keepers have a very hard task in preserving these woods. In the very early morning, the "close time" for keepers, a procession of women may be seen coming towards the village laden with great faggots of branches. The right to glean fallen wood has existed for centuries; it has given birth to an inherited instinct that is above the law. On these woodland heights every villager would maintain the principle against a dozen Acts of Parliament. If the keepers catch the women on the road, they confiscate the wood and set fire to it by the roadside. Public opinion does not blame the poor women for taking the wood; it blames the keepers for a wanton and cruel waste of good fuel.

The land agitation that comes from the desire of the small holder to secure land on reasonable terms and

on a firm tenure is one thing; but there is another, and a deeper, agitation in the villages among the landless poor. There is a tradition, handed down from father to son, and treasured as a religion, that once the poorest cottager had rights on the land; that he had grazing for his beasts, fuel for his hearth, fern for thatch or bedding, lime and marl for his garden; that the good wife had the unclaimed harvest of the woods and fields—blackberries, sloes, crab-apples, nuts, mushrooms—as well as cowlslips for wine, and nettles for beer; that these rights were stolen from them by those that had already more than enough of land and what land can yield for man's use. The country people have never lost the belief that this was a mean and cruel theft. They have never quite lost the hope that the wrong may be righted. Land reform in these villages mean *restoration of the common rights of the people* more than anything else. It means giving back to the village communities the ancient privileges that game-preserving has destroyed.

Is it too late to call the Enclosure Acts in question? Then surely that is only because there must be a revision of land ownership at once more thorough and more drastic. One by one we have seen rights that everyone has taken for granted filched from the community or the public by the law. Mountain, lake, and river are lost to us in turn. Even the very shores of our island may belong in strips to millionaires with foreign-sounding names. It is time, indeed, that the people should make new laws for the control and ownership of land. The law is a good servant, but it is a bad master, and I marvel at the patience of the English people when they see this monster, of their own creating, devouring one by one their most cherished possessions.—Yours, &c.,

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

September 17th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Many of the critics of the movement to tax land values are under the impression that land—or the users of land—will be saddled with a fresh burden if the movement succeeds. This misconception is due to the use of the word "tax," a word which has always been associated with force and injustice. The proposed expedient is a tax in name only. It does not involve sacrifice on the part of the person who pays it. In reality it is appropriation, for public uses, of economic rent, which is created by public activity.

Land users now bear the full burden of economic rent. It is absorbed by landowners. Obviously, then, for the State to demand a part, or even the whole, of the rent, would not add any burden to land users. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain from such a change. It is the landlord who is asked to render an account of his stewardship.

The flow of rent into the public purse will relieve rates and taxes, and eventually extinguish them altogether. Henry George and his followers would have done well to call themselves Tax Abolitionists rather than Single Taxers.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. GARRISON.

Langham Hotel, September 18th, 1912.

### INDUSTRIAL "SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In Mr. Fels's letter there are one or two omissions which invalidate rather seriously the strength of his argument. The new methods whose advent he bewails hardly call on us to sit down in sackcloth and ashes to await the dawn of the Socialist millennium—quite the contrary. In the first place, as is too commonly assumed in the polemics of labor and capital, all the world is not a workshop; the great majority of human beings are consumers who benefit directly by any cheapening of the cost of production. These consumers have just as many calls on their purses, and experience the same difficulty in making both ends meet as those employed directly in the great centres of industry. True, they may not countenance the manufacture of goods under conditions which preclude to, at least, single men and women life under decent and healthy conditions—that is against the policy of the State. But such an objection admittedly does not arise in the present case.

Again, is not the argument that the new methods will throw laborers out of employment precisely similar to those urged in the classic case of the spinning jennies and of new machinery everywhere? The fallacy lies in the assumption that capitalists alone benefit by the employment of improved means of production. They may indeed do so at the commencement. But more capital will certainly be attracted by the high rate of profit, and before long, through the competition of different works, the benefit of the cheapening of production will have been passed, on through lower retail prices, to the consumer. And as experience abundantly shows, these low retail prices, by enormously increasing the demand, will eventually result in the employment of far more labor than was possible under the old conditions. The entry of Cassandra on the stage seems, then, to say the least, to have been a little premature.—Yours, &c.,

B. H.

## POLITICS AND THE METHODIST REVIVAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reference to the political influence of the Methodist revival, Mr. T. Bruce Dilke seems somewhat to overstate M. Halévy's agreement with previous historians. I cannot find in Goldwin Smith's "United Kingdom" any statement to the effect that Methodism and Evangelicalism, singly or combined, prevented a violent revolution in England. Indeed, by crediting the revival with a large share in the moral improvement of society (vol. ii., p. 195), he virtually excluded a political action. For had any such existed, he would have felt bound to specify it. And Lecky, in his eighth chapter, only mentions "the new and vehement religious enthusiasm" as one among many causes "that conspired to save" England from the revolutionary spirit. M. Halévy seems to think it was the sole cause. Besides, Lecky talks as if it acted, not by putting people in a proper frame of mind for patiently enduring oligarchic misgovernment—which apparently is M. Halévy's opinion—but by "enlisting in its service a large proportion of the wilder and more impetuous reformers." (Cabinet edition, vol. iii., p. 146.)

Mr. Dilke tells us that "doubtless" the same view "may be found elsewhere." But this is pure assumption. The really important question is, however, not who originated the view, but whether it is true. And there are strong reasons for holding that it is not. As we have recently been reminded, Lord John Russell, in introducing the great Reform Bill, offered it as the only alternative to a violent revolution. Apparently, then, he had no faith in the efficacy of the religious revival as a competing remedy. With the same idea, Macaulay, at the close of his first great Reform speech, called on the House of Commons to "save the multitude endangered by its own ungovernable passions," and "the aristocracy endangered by its own unpopular power." With the same idea, Brougham on his knees implored the House of Lords to pass the Bill. Why look for remote and unseen causes when England was so obviously saved by her own indestructible spirit of moderation and compromise?—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

Il Ciliegio, Via del Palmerino, Florence,  
September 18th, 1912.

## THE SPENDING OF THE NEW REVENUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the September 14th number of THE NATION, an article on "The Spending of the New Revenue" suggests to many inquiring minds questions of interest to which possibly THE NATION may not disdain to reply.

Alluding to the case of Miss Lawley, in which the death duty claims for eight years considerably more than the inheritor's entire income, this exorbitant tax is justified, not on any pretence that it is demanded by inexorable necessity of defence of our very existence as a nation; on the contrary, need of funds for the Army and the Navy is denied, and the confiscation of an entire income is justified by the frank confession that such taxation is intended to compel the "breaking up of large estates" in order to promote the "well-being of the nation."

No explanation is vouchsafed as to the manner in which this process attains its beneficent end. To the ordinary intelligence conversant with agricultural life, it appears that the compulsory withdrawal of the landlord's capital must add considerably to the great difficulties of farming in this uncertain climate, and that the sale of a large estate does very obvious and distinct harm to some hundreds of farmers immediately concerned, and who, presumably, may be considered as part of the nation. To a farmer thriving under present conditions in co-operation with his landlord, but not having enough capital of his own to buy his farm, and subsequently maintain his buildings, the sale of his farm means ruin, or something very near to it.

Also, to a large staff of bricklayers, carpenters, &c., employed in building and repairing on the estate, the inevitable loss of their employment and their homes seems an unqualified misfortune.

It would be interesting to know precisely the corresponding benefit bestowed—on whom, and in what form it would be given.

It would also be instructive to learn what class or part of the nation benefits, and to what extent, when a considerable number of housemaids, laundry-maids, kitchen-maids, men-servants, stable-men, gardeners, etc. join the ranks of the unemployed; but that question is not immediately relevant, since the taxation under discussion does not much affect domestic servants. The owner, who is compelled to abandon his home, lets it, or sells it to some one who can afford to live in it, and who employs as many servants as the place requires.

Is it possible that the enigmatic benefit to the State is purely political? That, having failed to persuade the rural population of the advantages of Radical policy, it is contemplated to get rid of political opponents by taxation?

To annihilate the tenant-farmer together with the country gentleman in the hope that the place of the one may be taken by a tenant under a public authority, who will not dare to vote against the party in power, and that of the other by a *nouveau-riche*, who can be induced to support a Radical Government by the prospect, even if remote, of a peerage?

If, sir, THE NATION will publish a reply to these questions, you will greatly oblige.—Yours, &c.,

CONSTANCE, LADY WENLOCK.

September 20th, 1912.

## Poetry.

## IRISH COUNTRY SONG.

My young love said to me, "My parents won't mind,  
And my brothers won't slight you for your lack of kind."  
Then she stepped away from me, and this she did say,  
"It will not be long, love, till our marriage day."

She went away from me, and she moved through the fair,  
And fondly I watched her go here and go there:  
Then she went her way homeward, with one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying no two were e'er wed  
But one had a sorrow that never was said;  
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,  
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

I dreamt it last night that my young love came in,  
So softly she entered her feet made no din.  
She came close beside me, and this she did say,  
"It will not be long, love, till our marriage day."

PADRAIC COLUM.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Own Times." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. (Methuen. 15s. net.)  
 "Changing America." By E. A. Ross. (Unwin. 6s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life of David Lloyd George." By Herbert Du Parcq. (Caxton Publishing Company. Vol. I. 9s. net.)  
 "The Cumberland Papers: Being the Correspondence of Richard Donnisson Cumberland and George Cumberland (1771-1784)." By Clementina Black. (Secker. 16s. net.)  
 "The Man Farthest Down: A Record of Observation and Study in Europe." By Booker T. Washington. (Unwin. 6s. net.)  
 "An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant." By E. C. Moore. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Cardinal de Richelieu." By Eleanor C. Price. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Robert Kett and the Norfolk Rising." By Joseph Clayton. (Secker. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 "France From Within." By Claire de Pratz. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson." (Lane. 5s. net.)  
 "Men and Manners of Modern China." By J. Macgowan. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Mrs. Lancelot." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "Three Women." By Netta Syrett. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)  
 "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Palissot." Par D. Delafarge. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "La Première Etape." Roman. Par H. Moro. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Atlantia." Roman. Von Gerhart Hauptmann. (Berlin: Fischer. M.5.)

THE special feature of Mr. Jerningham's editorship of "Vanity Fair" will be that it will be written in the main by people of eminence in society, rather than by journalists writing about society. It will aim at re-establishing the custom of gathering authentic news about Royalty, politics, and "movements" generally, which has rather lapsed in the later days of society journalism. Scandal, however, is to be avoided. Freshness and simplicity of statement, good taste, and strong views of life and affairs are to be the main lines of the venture. The cartoon will be continued, and the first subject will be M. Cambon, the French Ambassador.

LITERARY aspirants will find little to encourage them in the confessions which "A Minor Novelist" contributes to this month's "National Review." The writer defines a minor novelist as "one who does not sell more than two thousand copies at six shillings." His own record, covering fourteen years, and including fourteen published novels and three still unpublished, shows a financial return of £646—or, deducting the cost of typing and postage, an average of about £40 a volume. Further, this average was only reached because the author had the luck to serialise three of these novels, the price for serial rights in one case amounting to £100. When we take into consideration the fact that six of "A Minor Novelist's" fourteen novels were popular enough to be republished in cheap editions, the remuneration will be seen to be absurdly inadequate. It is also worth noting that on two occasions the author had novels accepted by publishers who had previously rejected them.

A PROMISING addition to our eighteenth-century memoirs is to be issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett in the shape of "The Memoirs of Michael Hickey," the manuscript of which has narrowly escaped destruction, and is described by the publishers as a great literary "find." The memoirs treat of the years from 1749 to 1775, and begin with a short sketch of Hickey's father, who figures in "Retaliation," and was the friend of Burke and Goldsmith, as well as a member of Johnson's Club. Hickey himself was an eye-witness of the execution of Lord Ferrers, the coronation of George III., and the riots that followed upon the election of Wilkes to Parliament. He describes these events, as well as the London clubs, gardens, and other resorts of the period.

"MASTERPIECES OF MUSIC" is the title of a series of monographs, on a new plan, which Messrs. Jack are to issue immediately. Each volume will contain a biography of some musician, a critical appreciation of his art, and a representative selection from his music. This latter feature gives its novelty to the series, for it will be the first in which criticism of the musician's work is illustrated by examples of the music

itself. Among the early volumes will be "Schumann" and "Tchaikowsky," by Mr. Landon Ronald; "Mozart," by Sir Frederic Cowen; "Wagner," by Mr. Frederick Corder; and "Brahms," by Sir Charles Stanford.

WE usually expect some theological works of note from Messrs. A. & C. Black, and this season they promise us a new work on Isaiah, by Professor Cheyne, and a sequel by Dr. Schweitzer to his volume on "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." Dr. Cheyne calls his book "Mines of Isaiah Re-explored," and in it he advocates the views that the Israelites worshipped a small Divine Company under a Supreme Director, and that the Liberator of the Jewish exiles was not the Persian Cyrus, but a successful North Arabian adventurer. Dr. Schweitzer's work is a critical history of German scholarship in relation to the Pauline problems, and is to be called "Paul and His Interpreters."

IF detective fiction seldom reaches a high literary level, it has an undoubted popularity among a large section of readers, and we once knew a cathedral dignitary and distinguished scholar whose favorite novels were those of Jane Austen and Emile Gaboriau. Gaboriau, indeed, was one of the most brilliant, as he was one of the earliest, who devoted himself to this form of writing, and it is surprising to learn that the English translations of his novels have been out of print for several years. A new edition is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and we have little doubt that the old favorites will have a renewed vogue. The first three volumes to appear will be "Monsieur Lecoq," "The Widow Lerouge," and "File No. 13."

ANOTHER book which will appeal to those who like to read about crime will be Mr. Hugh Childers's "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries," to be published by Mr. Lane. It deals with some of the famous trials that took place between 1650 and 1850, beginning with that of Elizabeth Canning and closing with the affair of the Lyons Mail, while the contents of the book also include the case of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Disraeli's trial for libel in 1838, and the trial of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, Johnson's friend, and Lord Chesterfield's tutor.

A SELECTION from the unpublished verses of the late H. D. Lowry has been prepared for the press by his cousin, Mrs. Dawson Scott, and will be published by Mr. Glaisner, under the title of "A Dream of Daffodils." After beginning as one of Henley's "young men" on the "National Observer," Lowry made his mark in London journalism. His verse bears a resemblance, both in delicacy of thought and distinction of style, to that of Richard Middleton, whose poems are now enjoying a posthumous vogue.

BOOKS on famous actors and on the art of acting promise to be well represented in the coming season. Messrs. Stanley Paul announce "Granville Barker: A Critical Study," by Mr. Harold Weston, in which Mr. Barker's methods and ideas both as actor and producer are studied and analysed. The same publishers are preparing a biography, by Mr. Charles E. Pearce, of Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, who created the part of "Polly Peachum" in Gay's "Beggar's Opera." From Mr. Eveleigh Nash we are to have an English version of the autobiography of Madame Judith, of the Comédie Française—a book that gives many fresh glimpses of the poets, novelists, and statesmen, as well as of the actors and actresses of the Second Empire. Other books on the subject are "The Present State of the British Theatre," by Mr. George Calderon, to come from Messrs. Grant Richards; "A Century of Great Actors (1750-1850)," by Mr. C. F. Armstrong, from Messrs. Mills & Boon; and "Peereboom of the Stage," by Mr. Gordon Meggy, from Mr. Andrew Melrose.

MR. R. H. GRETTON, formerly London editor of the "Manchester Guardian," has written "A Modern History of the English People," the first volume of which, covering the period between 1880 and 1898, will be published shortly by Messrs. Grant Richards. The book differs from most other histories of our own times by giving more space to social and economic changes than to politics.

## Reviews.

## BLÜCHER.

"Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon (1806-15)." By E. F. HENDERSON. (Putnam's. 5s. net.)

A good life of Blücher in English was much needed; and we could wish that Mr. Henderson had had double the space, so as to handle his theme with greater thoroughness. On the whole, the narrative runs well, though at times there occurs an irritating sentence such as: "Frederick William began to reign at a crisis where it was a case of God help his subjects were the head of the State to show either want of firmness or judgment." The phrases, "paved the way to undreamed-of glory" and "He (the King) still trembled in his boots" (a metaphor twice used), also give cause for reflection. Further, a lack of proportion is at times observable. Twenty pages are devoted to "Austria's Struggle for Liberty," though Prussia, and therefore Blücher, took no part in that campaign of 1809. On the other hand, the Russian campaign of 1812, in which 20,000 Prussians followed the French eagles, a campaign which also rendered possible the German national rising of 1813, is very briefly dismissed. True, Blücher was not then on active service, having been sent away to an estate in Silesia, by order of the King, at the time of his surrender to Napoleon's demands (March, 1812). But in a work which treats of the revival of Prussia, it was surely a mistake to devote so much space to Austrian affairs in 1809, and to pass by the far more important events of 1812.

Mr. Henderson rightly insists on the importance of General Yorck's action in dissolving the connection with France, and in coming to an understanding with the nominal enemy, Russia; but he should, we think, have dwelt on the change in public opinion in Prussia during that campaign, and noted the joy at the news of French reverses, and the growing resolve to compel Frederick William III. to challenge Napoleon. The preliminary work secretly done by the Tugendbund, even after its suppression, by Jahn's "Turnverein," and by patriotic poems and pamphlets, also deserves notice. And what of the influence exerted by the enthusiastic professors and students of Berlin and Breslau? It finds very brief notice in Chapter IV. Yet these efforts, far more than the action of the Government, led to the War of Liberation of 1813. Mr. Henderson well describes the military reforms carried out in 1807-10; but an account of the change of popular feeling, which doubled their efficacy, was also needed.

The most valuable part of the book is the description of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. The former is far from easy for the general reader to understand; but Mr. Henderson makes its outlines intelligible. Strange to say, Napoleon, despite the terrible losses of 1812, could begin the Saxon campaign with 226,000 men. Many of these were raw recruits, and he was weak in artillery and cavalry; but at first, Russia and Prussia could oppose to him little more than half those numbers; and the disproportion of strength, even more than the indecision of the Russian commander, Wittgenstein, accounts for the loss of the battle at Lützen. Far worse than that reverse was the decision to abandon to Napoleon the line of the River Elbe. His aim had been to secure that line as the base of operations, to compel Saxony to join him once more, and from Dresden and Torgau as bases to carry the war into Lusatia, and thence into Brandenburg or Silesia, as occasion offered. Wittgenstein's tame retreat from the Elbe gave to the French the advantage of the central position, from which they could strike either at Berlin or the strongholds of Silesia. The Battle of Bautzen, in which Blücher commanded the Prussians, went against the Allies, owing to a disagreement as to the despatch of Russian reinforcements to him near the end of the day. The substitution of Barclay for Wittgenstein did not much improve matters; and thus, in the first part of the campaign of 1813, Blücher had no chance of displaying his full fighting power. The motives which led Austria to take up arms against Napoleon are well summarised in this volume; but there is no estimate of the influence of the armistice of June-August, 1813, on the fortunes of Napoleon and the Allies. It has been considered one of the chief mistakes

in his military career; and the advantages which the Allies gained from it, apart from the accession of Austria to their ranks, should be emphasised. In brief, then, they were able to summon up reinforcements fully equal to those of Napoleon, to train the ill-drilled Landwehr, to bring Bernadotte and the Northern Army well within the sphere of operations, and to encourage Austria to the course of action which proved to be decisive of the fate of the war.

Mr. Henderson endorses the unfavorable criticism which has sometimes been lavished on the plan of campaign of the Allies, as laid down at Trachenberg; but the Fabian policy there prescribed was, in the main, successful; and Napoleon wore down his army by marches and counter-marches, which played into the enemy's hands. Blücher's refusal to give battle to Napoleon, and his energetic moves which broke up Macdonald's array at the Battle of the Katzbach, are described with spirit. That terrible blow showed, for the first time, the full striking power of Blücher and his capacious but able subordinate, General Yorck. The prizes of triumph were 18,000 prisoners and 103 cannon. Thereafter Silesia was completely safe; and, in due course, Blücher was able to undertake that daring enterprise, the passage of the Elbe at Wartenburg, with the aim of joining the Northern Army, commanded by Bernadotte. Here Mr. Henderson is perhaps a little unfair to Blücher. He assumes that the plan, which was a necessary prelude to the Battle of Leipzig, was that of Gneisenau, Chief-of-Staff. Surely, it was characteristic of old "Marshal Vorwärts," after a great victory like that at the Katzbach, to make a spirited advance, and, after the allied successes at Kulm and Dennewitz, the plan was by no means rash. Apart from documentary evidence to the contrary, it is fair to assume that the scheme originated with Blücher no less than with Gneisenau. Certainly, he, as Commander-in-Chief, was responsible for it; and, therefore, the credit for the whole achievement belongs almost entirely to him.

The story of that advance, the delays of Schwarzenberg with the Grand Army on the South, and the long discussions with Bernadotte before that cautious calculator could be brought to take decisive action—all this has often been recounted; but Mr. Henderson describes it again with precision. It is abundantly manifest that the fortunes of the campaign depended almost entirely on Blücher and Gneisenau. The final struggle around Leipzig is illustrated by a large plan, which enables the reader to follow the movements on October 18th; but it does not include the village of Möckern, which Blücher and Yorck wrested from the French on the 16th, after a most desperate struggle. That achievement told so immediately on the final result that it deserves fuller description and a separate plan. Mr. Henderson remarks that, on the 18th, Napoleon's aim was to clear a way for the retreat of his army through Leipzig by the western road, *vid* Lindenau. This is doubtful. It is more probable that the Emperor, holding the central position, still hoped to break the lines of his enemies, spread out along a far wider area, and to roll them up in disorder. The Allies having shown little cohesion or enterprise, victory was still within his reach; and the prolonged slaughter of that day is almost unintelligible, unless we assume that he still resolved to shatter their widely-disseminated forces, and thereafter resume the offensive, St. Cyr, at Dresden, also operating against Schwarzenberg's rear. In the account of Napoleon's retreat to the Rhine, Mr. Henderson refers to the fight with the Austro-Bavarian force at Hanau as a victory for the latter, and claims that it inflicted losses of 19,000 men on the French. This is at variance with the generally accepted, and apparently authentic, version, which is that the Allies were misled as to the direction and strength of the Emperor's army, which consequently broke through and defeated them without much difficulty. The estimate of the French losses as here given is greatly exaggerated.

We have no space in which to follow Mr. Henderson through his narrative of the campaign of 1814. He brings out clearly the strong and the weak points of Blücher's strategy, fully emphasising, moreover, his services at the crisis of March 22nd-25th.

The description of the Waterloo campaign is chiefly remarkable for its hostility to Wellington. The Duke's promises of support to Blücher before the Battle of Ligny are over-stated. Neither commander had his forces well in hand; Blücher certainly believed that Bülow's corps would



be up in time for the battle; and Wellington had grounds for thinking, from the calculations of De Lancey, that he would have more troops at Quatre Bras than proved to be available; but he did not make an unconditional offer of help to Blücher. On the contrary, his offer was conditioned by the saving clause that he would send succor to Ligny if he were not attacked in force. Muffling, who certainly did not hold a brief for Wellington, expressly mentions that proviso. Therefore, the offer of British help to Blücher at Ligny stands on a different footing from the unconditional offer given by Blücher to the Duke on the night of June 17th-18th, with a view to the ensuing battle. Mr. Henderson does full justice to the efforts of Blücher to keep troth; but he does not refer to the extreme circumspection of the Prussian movements early on that morning, which, indeed, warrant the supposition that Gneisenau, Chief-of-Staff, prescribed the order of march in such a way that the battle at Mt. St. Jean should be well advanced before the Prussians appeared on the scene. Again, in discussing the final cause of the French disaster, Mr. Henderson displays an anti-British bias. He takes the extreme German view that Zieten's advance against Smohain, which he calls an attack on the French rear, caused the *débâcle*. But Zieten's corps, owing to the heavy losses sustained on the 15th and 16th, was much weaker than Mr. Henderson evidently supposes; and its attack (which, as he admits, was at first misdirected against Wellington's Nassauers) directly affected only Durutte's division of D'Erlon's corps, stationed at the corner of the French right wing. That division retired in disorder, which quickly spread to the adjoining divisions. But Napoleon, in his official account of the battle, while censuring Durutte's troops for their lack of steadiness, expressly stated that the final collapse of the French defence was due, not to Zieten's advance, nor even to the repulse of the Imperial Guard by Maitland and Colborne, but to the subsequent charge of Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades of British cavalry against the already disordered French centre.

Now, Napoleon and his Staff held a position on a hillock a little south of La Haye Sainte, and thence retired towards La Belle Alliance. Accordingly, they were in a far better position than either Zieten, Pirch, or Wellington to see the circumstances which rendered the rout irreparable. Zieten doubtless battered in the French right at the corner held by Durutte; but his attack alone could not have led to the *débâcle*, had not the two sections of the Imperial Guard, about the same time, retired in confusion towards the French centre. Thereupon, the advance of the British cavalry was decisive at that all-important point. Mr. Henderson discusses the question far too briefly to warrant the conclusion which he somewhat dogmatically sets forth on pages 308-310. Either the question should not have been raised (and it is not essential in a short biography of Blücher), or it should have been treated more thoroughly, and with due reference to the evidence drawn from French and British sources. We have called attention to some defects of Mr. Henderson's work; but, on the whole, they are light in comparison with its merits. The maps are not wholly satisfactory. A defect in that of the battles around Leipzig has been noted. That of the campaign of 1813 also gives the northern boundary of Saxony as it is to-day, whereas, up to 1815, it included Torgau, Wittenberg, and adjoining territory here figuring as Prussian. The plan of Waterloo (p. 308) also gives Smohain as "Smothen," Frischermont as "Frischmont," and omits the important farmstead of Papelotte.

#### MR. WILFRID BLUNT'S IRISH MEMORIES.

"The Land War in Ireland." By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Swift. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BLUNT'S is a book which will be read with furious interest if it is read at all. It may be the fury of antipathy, or the fury of sympathy, but, at least, "The Land War in Ireland" will leave no healthy reader bored or lukewarm. Mr. Blunt is himself an extremist, and challenges extreme judgments. Not that he is a man of one idea: he is a man of a hundred ideas, some of them mutually contradictory, but the splendid medley of his personality is of that fiery stuff out of which extremists are made. Rebel that he is in tempera-

ment, however, he rebels against nothing more than against definition. Call him a Nationalist, for instance—he is certainly more of a Nationalist than anything else—and he baffles you with a sudden glorification of the Papal States, and with the assertion that "I was and am *Papalino* in the Eternal City, and I cannot understand the temper of the Roman citizen who should be willing to exchange that glorious and time-honored title for the poor vulgarity of becoming an Italian subject." Try to discover his religious faith, and he makes the bewildering confession that, in the years with which the present book deals, "I was as much Mohammedan as Christian, and, though I rebelled against it as a barren and unprofitable creed, perhaps more a Materialist than either." Elsewhere he calls himself "a religious Socialist" in contradistinction to Michael Davitt, who was content with defining himself as a Christian Socialist. But Mr. Blunt's Socialism is of as elusive a kind as his religion, for on one page of his diary he frankly tells us: "My sympathy is with the destructive part of Socialism. It is only the constructive part I cannot stomach." There is a certain glorious unreason in all this. It is characteristic of the author's singular temper that at the General Election of 1885 he was the only candidate to stand as a Conservative Home Ruler. Equally characteristic and equally paradoxical was his great adventure in 1888, when he, an English landlord, went over to Ireland to take part in a revolution against England and against landlords, and before long was clapped in gaol under the coercionist *régime* of Mr. Balfour—"the first recorded instance, in all the four (sic) hundred years of English oppression, of an Englishman having taken the Celtic-Irish side in any conflict, or suffered even the shortest imprisonment for Ireland's sake." Here, then, is a unique record of unique experiences. It is a record in which every page bears the signature of a bold and fantastic genius—the genius of a crusader with a passion for mixing in the politics of defeated nations.

It has not been the aim of Mr. Blunt in this volume to write a history of the Irish Land War in the 'eighties. He rightly describes his book as "a personal narrative of events, in continuation of 'A Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt,'" and it might be said with some justice that in it he has written a book about himself *à propos* of Irish agrarianism. In other words, the book is a fragment of autobiography rather than a fragment of history. But that it also has much historical value is beyond question. It is for the most part a diary of conversations with politicians and about politicians, and of travel in Ireland between the end of 1885 and 1888. Lord Randolph Churchill is the first noteworthy figure to come into the book, for it was in 1885 that he was, much to Mr. Blunt's delight, intriguing to perpetuate the Conservative-Nationalist alliance on a Home Rule basis. As all the world knows, however, Lord Randolph failed in his purpose, and, a few months later, he was sending his "Ulster-will-fight" message to Belfast—a piece of almost magnificent cynicism. Justin McCarthy told Mr. Blunt at the time "that Randolph had excused himself to him for his *colle face* by saying that he had done all he could for the Nationalists, but, now that he had failed to carry his party with him, he was obliged to do all he could against them." John Bright's Unionism is more difficult to fathom. He "said distinctly" to Mr. Blunt in March, 1886, that "he was not opposed to the principle of Home Rule and the Dublin Parliament." Why, then, did he oppose the Home Rule Bill? We do not think it ungenerous to believe that he had felt a slumbering personal antagonism to the Irish Members ever since the days of the Land League, when Parnellites did not measure their words in speaking of Liberal Ministers. Of Gladstone we get an attractive glimpse at this period, as the present Lord Morley described him to Mr. Blunt during a conversation at dinner one evening.

"He talked of Gladstone as absolutely determined to go on with his Bill, if he had to go alone, and to stand or fall by it. He described the old man, as he had seen him that morning, figuring up the sums of his Irish arithmetic just like a boy at school, his grandchildren making a hideous noise on the piano in the neighboring room, but himself all serene and cheerful."

Sanguine as Gladstone was, and sanguine as Mr. Blunt was, however, it is clear from much that appears in the present book that neither of them quite realised the strength



of the forces that were pitted against Home Rule in the 'eighties. The Court was against it—passionately so. Mr. Blunt relates, on the authority of a lady who had it from the Duke of Cambridge, that Queen Victoria even "suggested that a certain general should resign his commission and head the Orangemen in her name." The story may seem to have travelled a little before reaching Mr. Blunt, but it does not contradict what we already know of Queen Victoria's attitude to Ireland. There is a certain irony in the fact of the Queen's pro-Orangeism when we remember that it was within the Orange Order that the plot was hatched to keep her off the throne, and to make the Duke of Cumberland King instead. King Edward, it is well-known, suffered from none of the Queen's antipathies in regard to Ireland. When Prince of Wales, he even assured a friend of Mr. Blunt's that "Home Rule is certain to come in Ireland, and he has even quarrelled with the Queen on the subject." But it was the Queen's opinion that ruled at Court. On this matter she had the support, not only of the Tories, but of the Whigs of the old school, "who are a bloody race," and Mr. Blunt gives us some curious sidelights on the sort of conversations that were to be heard in Brooks's Club and such places in those days. The financiers, too, who had sunk money in Irish land, were bitterly opposed to Gladstone; and the Pope, whom deluded Ulstermen imagine to be the first parent of Home Rule, was suspicious of a great deal in Irish Nationalism. If we can believe what Cardinal Manning told Mr. Blunt—and we see no reason to doubt it—the Pope objected to any Home Rule scheme which, like the first Home Rule Bill, and like Mr. Childers's constitution for Ireland, would involve the disappearance of the Irish members from Westminster. "I'm not only the Pope of Ireland," said Leo XIII. to Archbishop Croke, who repeated the conversation to Mr. Blunt, "but of the Universal Church, and I can't sacrifice the Church to Ireland." "No, nor Ireland either," replied the Archbishop boldly, "to the Church." True, this conversation referred, not to Home Rule, but to the Irish land agitation, against which the Pope issued more than one decree in compliance with the requests of the British Government. But the Pope's statement, we think, may be regarded as expressive of the Papal attitude on questions of Irish nationality and democracy at all seasons. "Talk to me if you like about Garibaldi, but not about Dr. Croke," Pope Leo once exclaimed to one of the Cardinals in reference to the great Nationalist Archbishop, and, even if he modified his opinion after Croke had been to the Vatican, his denunciation of the Plan of Campaign in 1888 showed that he never got over his dread of Irish popular movements as something dangerous and revolutionary.

Probably no other Englishman of the time was ever taken so fully into the confidence of Archbishop Croke and other prominent Irish clerics as Mr. Blunt. This is partly because Mr. Blunt, if not a Catholic in dogma, was what may be described as a Catholic in imagination. His love of priests is at times even excessive. To Dr. Duggan, the Bishop of Clonfert, he gave a place among the saints. His account of Dr. Duggan is one of the most touching passages in the book.

"The Bishop (he wrote in his diary) lives in a poor little house in the town—they call it the Palace—waited on by one old peasant woman and a little foundling boy. When I found him he had no fire in the grate, but he had one lit for me, and his food was of the meagrest. Beggar women and children sit at his door from dawn till dusk, and he feeds the sparrows on his window-sill, and his heart is full of pity for the poor, and of anger and hatred for the rich. He is a holy man, a saint like Victor Hugo's bishop in 'Les Misérables.'"

Poet that Mr. Blunt is indeed, he has a genius for hero-worship—even saint-worship—and his portraits of many of the Irish leaders are the portraits of an idealist. None the less, his vision in regard to them is at times as amazing as his veneration. Is it not remarkable, for instance, that an entry in his diary of so early a date as 1884 should contain a sketch of Parnell like the following?—

"Parnell is tall, good-looking, pale, and with the least little touch of weakness about the mouth, such as one often sees in Irishmen, enough to show he is more Irish than English, and enough to add a certain charm to his countenance."

Those were the days in which to all the rest of the world Parnell was the man of iron. It was an act of acute observation on the part of Mr. Blunt to notice that prophetic

"least little touch of weakness about the mouth." At the same time he was not the only Home Ruler to question the reputation of Parnell as a strong man. He quotes Davitt, for instance, as saying to him in 1886: "People make a great mistake about Parnell, thinking that he imposes his will upon everybody, but it is all a mistake; he is idle and difficult to get to act." But then Parnell and Davitt always underestimated each other.

In dealing with a book like this, the reviewer is almost necessarily led to treat it, not as a piece of literature, but as an omnium-gatherum of reminiscences. And, judged as a book of reminiscences, "The Land War in Ireland" will rank as supremely good among the books of the year. But it is more than a book of personalia: it is the book of a personality. Who touches it touches a man. It reveals an extraordinarily generous and simple nature—one of those natures which, on the rare occasion of their appearance in politics, break the moulds of party systems and conventions. Mr. Blunt is himself the outstanding heroic figure in his book. More permanently interesting than any of the political gossip it contains is that vision of the caged aristocrat, squatting on the floor of his cell in Galway gaol, reading the Bible, and finding in it "a mine of political consolation." There is something Biblical, something of the Old Testament, indeed, in Mr. Blunt's character. He has a place among the minor prophets. He has been prophesying against Empire all the days of his life. And if at times his words may be questioned as indiscreet, is not that of the very essence of the genius of the prophets?

#### A FRENCH STUDY IN PHILOSOPHY.

"Historical Studies in Philosophy." By ÉMILE BOUTROUX, Member of the Institute, Professor of the University of Paris. Authorised Translation by FRED. ROTHWELL, B.A. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

M. ÉMILE BOUTROUX's studies illustrate the distinctive spirit and method of French philosophical teaching. They are lucid, matter-of-fact, and, compared with German or English treatment of the subject, non-contentious. The criticism that suggests itself is that they do not take us much below the surface, and that, put beside such a book as Mr. Benn's "Greek Philosophers," they are a little thin. Socrates, Aristotle, Jacob Boehme, Descartes, and Kant are the philosophers discussed; the thought, in each case, being that "to understand an author's work in the way he meant it to be understood, i.e., to understand it aright, we must make it our constant endeavor not merely to search into the visible letter of the text and all the details of documents, but also to think and live with the author himself, to enter into his spirit." It is this conception of the matter that embodies philosophy in the philosophers, and makes thought indistinguishable from the history of thought.

The essential standpoint of Socrates, the father of later Greek thinking, is clearly shown.

"Socrates' judgment on physics is no fortuitous, accidental fact; it is not the outcome of a positive, a prosaically utilitarian mind. It is not even altogether that depreciation of the past, habitual to innovators, that antagonism to a rival idea; the condition of the realisation and development of the new idea which claims the right to exist. Socrates' objections to physics are the philosophic expression of that antipathy of a religious, artistic people to a mechanical explanation of things, whereof Aristophanes set himself up as the interpreter in 'The Clouds.' The real Socrates flouts the Socrates of Aristophanes as do the people. The only difference is that he knows better why he does so."

Here is the germ of the Dualism which was the original sin of Greek speculation, and which passed over from this speculation, then in its decadence, into Christian theology and thought. The influence of Greece on Christianity has been, on the whole, unhappy; it is from this source that eristic, asceticism, and theosophy have come in. "It is permissible," says Dr. Inge, "for the Christian to admit what it is difficult for the historian to deny—that none of these three nations (the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman) were allowed to bring their best to build up the grand edifice called the Catholic Church. All three had passed through disillusionment and defeat; all three were, in a sense, in a state of senile decay." Of this decay the distaste for physical investigation, the tendency to place inquiry

into fact lower than construction of theory, was a symptom. In man, at least, thought is earthborn, and renews its strength in contact with the soil.

The promise of the Ionian schools was unfulfilled: two evil influences, scholasticism and theology, diverted the movement which these schools had inaugurated from its natural path and its expected goal. Could Socrates have foreseen the future, he would have turned as emphatically from the representatives of later as from those of earlier thought. For

"The Schoolmen, with their syllogistic science, even Plato and Aristotle, in so far as they place being, strictly so called, in forms expressed by our concepts, are not his true successors. Those he would have recognised as such are the philosophers who, taking as their starting-point the observance of the moral facts of human nature, have endeavored to set up morals as a distinct and self-sufficient science."

The Aristotle of the "Ethics," the Kant of the first "Kritik," these are his heirs. Yet, so native is "the pale cast of thought" to thinking, that "just as in former times, Plato and Aristotle built up a metaphysical philosophy on the basis of Socrates' morals, we find Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel founding a new philosophy of the absolute on the morals of Kant."

Like most great teachers, Aristotle lends himself to more than one interpretation. Arabian Pantheists and Catholic Schoolmen appeal to his authority; his verdict is decisive for men who differ as widely as Leo XIII. and M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Trendelenburg makes him the vogue in Germany, Grote in England; Mr. Wallace finds idealism in the Metaphysics, and evolution in the Animal History—a work of doubtful authenticity; the conclusion of the whole being that "the Philosopher," as the writers of the Middle Ages named him, "represents a fixed type regularly recurring in the revolutions of thought." His influence was wide and lasting. He moulded our language, our methods of reasoning, our surface thought. But his intellect, great as it was, was limited to the outside of things: he was incapable of divining the hidden forces by which inorganic nature, and life, and human society are moved. Hence at once his strength—for nine-tenths of life is lived upon the surface, and the average man never gets below it—and his weakness. When, as at the Reformation or the Revolution, the fountains of the deep are opened, the water-flood sweeps him away.

M. Boutroux is less successful in dealing with Jacob Boehme and Kant, who are essentially German figures; the former, who recalls Eckhart and Tauler, was known even in his lifetime as "Philosophus Teutonicus"; the latter was the Copernicus of speculative thinking, to which he gave a new centre, a new starting-point, a new method, and a new goal. As regards the philosophy of science, he treats of just those problems that occupy the modern mind.

"How can experience alone afford certainty? How can the knowledge of a law, in the exact meaning of the word, be purely experimental in its origin? How, and in what sense, can a fact be a law? Kant accepted this question as modern science states it; it is the object of his doctrine of forms and categories to answer it. The solution is a profound one; it cannot be avoided by any who persistently determine, without fearing contradiction, to unite experience with certainty. . . . It is not the mirror of a single epoch, nor even the expression of a nation's thought; it belongs to the whole of mankind."

#### AN APOLOGY FOR THE BORGias.

"The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI." By the Most Rev. ARNOLD H. MATHEW, D.D. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

THE name of the Borgias is so firmly associated with all that was vicious and licentious in the Italy of the fifteenth century, that it would be difficult for any modern historian to modify that impression while recording the facts of their lives. But an impartial examination of contemporary writings leaves the reader in some doubt as to whether they were really much worse than other princely families of that epoch. One can only rightly judge people by their own standards, and by the standards of their times. It is well to remember that, in the fifteenth century, Popes were not chosen for religious, but for political, reasons. Roman

Catholicism had produced in Italy two distinct and antagonistic types. One was saintly and retiring, forming the school of religious painters in Florence, Siena, and the smaller Italian towns; the other was the greedy and ambitious crowd that scrambled for political power at Rome. Savonarola was the natural outcome of the conflict of ideas between the two schools. If he condemned in his preaching the worldly ambitions and the lax morality of the cardinals at Rome, he had little sympathy with the dreamy contemplative life of the religious poet-painters of the monasteries. It is easy to picture his scorn for the delightful religious "Club" in Florence, with its beautiful, decorated halls and corridors, and the little cells where Fra Angelico had painted for each brother a lovely fresco to beguile the hours of lonely meditation. Religion had fallen out of touch with life. Savonarola, a great Puritan reformer, sent his disciples out to scourge the vanity, luxury, and self-indulgence of the time. He preached the Simple Life when extravagance in living had reached an extraordinary point. His conflict with the Pope was a foregone conclusion, since his crusade—if it had been successful—must have undermined the Papal power, based as it was on the self-interest of a corrupt and greedy circle of pleasure-loving courtiers. Pope Alexander did not fall very far below the general morality of the ruling classes of his time, and it is partly due to the glaring contrast of his character with that of the fierce prophet, Savonarola, that he makes so black a figure in history.

To judge the Borgias fairly, we must remember that Henry VIII. of England, with his long list of judicial murders and his holocaust of wives, comes a little later in date. Francis I. of France was both cruel and licentious, and James IV. of Scotland conspired against his father, and was no better morally than his cousins of England and France. The most horrible crime that is alleged against the Borgias is that of incest, and it is doubtful whether that accusation is really proved. All that comes to us on that subject is the echo of the gossip of a time when morals were so lax that there was no savor in a piece of scandal unless it had some special criminal feature. The Borgias were hated—and justly hated—for their shameless greed and their unscrupulous nepotism. Lucrezia was a very lovely girl, forced into prominence by her marriage and divorce at an age when most girls, even of that period, were in the nursery. Nothing could be more natural than that gossip should gather round such a figure. All the circumstances of her three marriages, and the fact that she was so often a pawn in the game played by her father and her brother, lent themselves to the ugly stories that were invented about her. But it is fair to say that there is very little positive first-hand evidence against her, and that her qualities broke down prejudice, and endeared her, at the close of her life, to those who knew her best.

The Borgia habit of poisoning the people that stood in their way is certainly disconcerting for the Borgia apologist. Yet one must remember that this was an age when assassination was barely condemned. Benvenuto Cellini describes, with evident gratification, in his diary, how he stabbed an unsuspecting enemy in the back; and every man of position went about attended and armed, knowing well that he went in danger of his life. So many lives stood in the way of the Borgia ambition. They had to be removed, and it mattered little to Pope Alexander or to Caesar whether they were removed in open conflict or in some secret way. The discovery of the action of cumulative poisons gave a new thrill to the art of assassination. Killing was to its practitioners a convenient means of accomplishing political ends. In our own day an unscrupulous man may get rid of a rival in a score of ways that no one calls criminal. He gets him an Indian appointment or a County Court judgeship. Even within the Cabinet, it is whispered, political graves have been dug, and many a promising reformer dies in the permanent official. But in the fifteenth century, when your enemies were always, perforce, sitting on your doorstep, as it were, poisoning seemed an easy and well-bred method of dealing with the nuisance.

Pope Alexander, and to a greater degree, Caesar, his son, had undoubtedly the gift of governing. The power of the Popes had been much weakened by their long absence from Rome. After the return from Avignon, until the Borgia accession, the Romans were in a constant state of revolt. The Borgia Pope found himself without authority



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and without money. It is true that he used his position to enrich himself and his numerous family, but he did regain power and retake many lands that the church had allowed to slip away. And, if it had not been for his scandalous morals and his ungenerous disposition, his administrative gifts might have been better appreciated by the historians of his epoch. Guicciardini especially cannot forgive the Borgias, and even Voltaire accuses him of being blinded by prejudice in his hatred of a man who used perfidy and cruelty against those who were perfidious and cruel themselves. Machiavelli, in "Il Principe," takes Cæsar Borgia as his hero. He condones the worst of his crimes, for the sake of the instinct for government. And, in his view, it is to the interests of the governed that a ruler should allow no scruples to stand in the way of the carrying out of his policy. There is certainly no doubt that, under the firm rule of the Borgias, the people were better and more justly governed than they had been for many years. The Borgia exactions did not press so heavily on the poorer classes as on the nobles, who were themselves eager for place and power.

The volume under review covers a wide field, touching on contemporary history in both France and Spain, but as a picture of the life and times of Rodrigo Borgia, it lacks something of point and color. It is overlaid with detail, so that the salient facts do not stand out. It is like a mosaic rather than a painting, and the central portraits are obscured by the numberless figures that surround them. The many small conspiracies and conflicts between the Italian nobles are given with such conscientious detail that all sense of perspective is lost, and other things of more permanent importance are crowded out. For example, too little space is given to the Savonarola movement, and it is a strange omission that so little reference should be made to art. Battles were won and lost; towns captured and retaken—we can forget these things, or never know them. But all that time, while Popes and Princes were quarrelling and making history, art was vigorous and alive, and a greater history was being written. If one goes to Italy to-day, it is not the Borgias and the Medicis that one remembers, except as the accidental means of making greater names immortal. No history of Italy and the fifteenth century can be complete, no record of the time can be adequate, that does not deal with its art.

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"The Evolution of Educational Theory." By Professor JOHN ADAMS. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

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Professor Adams has attacked, with admirable directness, many of the dualistic ideas which have done so much in the past to hinder the free development of scientific study. Genius has been considered by some to be the product of an age; others have contended that every age owes its character to the genius that guides it. Professor Adams shows us that genius is at the same time the product and the producer of an epoch, and that much time has been wasted in the past by the contention that great men occupy exclusively either position. Theory and practice are also divorced in the minds of many people, and it is of the utmost importance to realise that theory is the child, as well as the mother, of practice; or, as the author puts it, "that theory constantly plays round practice." Again, heredity and environment have too often been dealt with in the past as two mutually exclusive factors in human

development, and we have ignored the fact that each depends for its very existence on the other. We can think of many books dealing with the development of the individual in which hereditary characteristics have been described as if they developed in *vacuo*, and environmental influences as if they acted on a characterless organism.

A similar separation of thought seems to divide the two rival schools of educational theorists to-day. We have those who believe in education from without, and those who claim to be the more modern thinkers, and who believe in education from within. Many have for some time suspected that the differences between what we may call the instructionalists and the self-expressionists were more imaginary than real; and Professor Adams very truly points out that it is useless to instruct a child in subjects for which he has no capacity, while it is equally useless to expect the highest forms of self-expression without suitable instruction. It is possible that our revolt against the indigestion caused by the fact-megalomaniacs may cause us to starve the child where we have before over-fed him. Professor Adams very pertinently reminds us that we have reached an age in which a child needs a considerable knowledge of facts for full self-realisation, and that a child does not learn how to drive an engine by being given a kettle and a spirit-lamp. At the same time, while acknowledging the just condemnation of Rousseau's ideas of natural development, we cannot quite agree that these ideas are still to be found in the modern advocates of self-expression; we cannot help suspecting that Professor Adams has built up rather an exaggerated effigy in order to increase his pleasure in its destruction. Most of the believers in education from within freely admit that self-expression and self-realisation both need a liberal supply of facts from without; but the basis of their argument is that the kind of facts supplied to the child should depend on his own taste, and not on chance or fashion. There are practically no theorists who deny the importance of instruction so long as there is a proper appetite on the part of the instructed. A wider range of opportunity to suit individual capacity and inclination is all that the new school of educationists are demanding, and it is perhaps a little unfair to keep these suggestions to the last few pages of the book, and not to show their close connection with the theories of modern educationists.

The chapter on the historical aspect is most suggestive in many directions. If we agree with Professor Adams that man was first unconscious in his actions, then conscious, and, thirdly, self-conscious, many phenomena of our times, which before seemed dangerous, must present a different appearance. The decrease in the population may, for example, be a direct result of man's rapidly developing self-consciousness, and "it may be fairly argued that the care taken in the rearing of the offspring among highly educated peoples more than compensates for the greater abundance of poorly tended children of a lower grade." Thus the future of our race and of the world may lie in an increase in quality, with a corresponding decrease in quantity. Self-consciousness may be succeeded by race-consciousness, and ultimately by a world-consciousness. This chapter, like several others, reminds us that the evolution of man is working in a manner of which, at present, we have the dimmest conception, and that factors which we dread the most are often those of which we have the least realisation. A broader view of the workings of evolution in the past and in the future might turn many a pessimist into an optimist.

The excellent chapter on "The Social and Individual Aim" shows us clearly that many of the supposed conflicts between society and the individual are merely the result of the near view which we seem so constantly inclined to take; each beat in the rhythm of evolution causes us repeated apprehension. In the future, as we become better versed in psychology, the friction between the individual and society will become less apparent, and we shall realise that the friction which exists is a wholesome necessity if progress is to be maintained. We shall progress both by what we know and by what we gradually realise we cannot know. We shall understand that "objective experience is meaningless unless subjective experience is able to supply the key." At present our public schools seem to turn out men with prejudices rather than possibilities. What is supposed to be general culture has become as utilitarian in England as

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There is, however, a book, the forty-eighth edition of which has just been issued, which from cover to cover is full of highly valuable information, in addition to which it offers the chance of cure to those who are unfortunately afflicted with this disease. It is entitled, "The Cure of Consumption," and written by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury Quadrant, London, who for more than forty years has made a speciality of consumption, and has probably had more cases pass through his hands than any other living physician. His treatment, known over the world as "The Alabone Treatment," has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health some thousands of cases, a very large percentage of which had been pronounced utterly hopeless by our leading chest specialists, whilst others had been sent home from sanatoria to die. There can be no manner of doubt as to the *bona-fides* of these cases, seeing that they are attested to by many well-known physicians, divines, and men of the highest standing in the world of literature and art. Moreover, a considerable number of cures reported are those of medical men themselves, who had been compelled to relinquish their practice, but who, after adopting this treatment, were enabled to resume their work, they being permanently cured. The same can be said of members of the legal and other professions. The late Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Parker, and many others of the clergy were strong supporters of Dr. Alabone's method, and did all in their power to get it universally adopted, having seen case after case recover. Dr. Alabone himself made a most generous offer to the Brompton Hospital, which, for some unknown reason, was rejected, thousands of the poorer class of sufferers thereby being debarred the chance of cure which might have been placed at their disposal. It seems incredible, but the fact remains.

The mere recital of the testimonies of a vast number of sufferers who have been restored to perfect health does not, however, with many persons bring conviction. It may, therefore, be well to place before the public the actual and spontaneous testimony of some of these cases. In doing so, we would first mention the cases of physicians themselves and from an immense number of such we quote the following:

"Sir,—It is my honest opinion that no treatment—open air, medicinal, dietetic, or otherwise—is comparable to the inhalation treatment adopted by Dr. Alabone for the actual cure of consumption. I speak from experience in cases coming under my observation; and, for the sake of suffering humanity, I do think it a very great pity that Dr. Alabone's method does not find its way into all our hospitals and sanatoria where consumption is made a speciality.—Yours faithfully, —, M.D., L.R.C.P., &c."

Whilst Dr. L—, M.R.C.S.Eng., states:

"It having been my good fortune to meet several patients of Dr. Alabone's, I feel bound to add my testimony as to the success of his treatment, having proved it by personal observation of the changes effected in their appearance, and their gratifying statements made by their own free will. I have seen cases pronounced 'utterly incurable' by the highest chest specialists quite recover. I therefore feel it a duty to write, expressing my gratification and surprise at their recovery."

"Sir,—I have some thirty patients in all stages of phthisis undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment—some very bad—so that I should not be surprised if I had lost one or two, but at present I have lost none. The improvement in them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advancement of the disease. It has in my hands been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully, W. F—, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.M. Edin."

It is satisfactory to be able to record the fact that a considerable number of physicians have adopted this treatment with their patients, and have obtained from it the most satisfactory results—results, we venture to affirm, which have been attained by no other system known. Boards of Guardians are also discussing the advisability of introducing it into their infirmaries, many having witnessed its extraordinary success with members of their own families.

Nurses at sanatoria and hospitals who were stricken down by phthisis, and who, after undergoing open-air treatment, were pronounced incurable, have been cured, and resumed their usual avocations. One of many such writes:—

"In the summer of 1902 I utterly collapsed from overwork, and a rest failed to effect any improvement in my condition. In the autumn I was pronounced to be suffering from slight tuberculosis (sputum having been examined). At the recommendation of a physician I went to a well-known sanatorium to undergo the 'open-air' treatment, and during my stay there of two months, instead of in any way ameliorating my symptoms, they became rapidly worse, till in April, 1903, I was advised to return home by the physician in attendance at the sanatorium.

"On my return my condition was found to be as follows: A large cavity in my left lung, which was seriously involved in tubercular disease from apex to base, and my right lung was also considerably affected, and there certainly seemed no hope that I should recover.

"Hearing of similar cases that had been cured by Dr. Alabone, I was taken to Highbury to see him—so weak that I was hardly able to walk up the steps of his house, and, I must admit, expecting little or nothing from his treatment; but within a week I felt that I was deriving benefit, and hope once more revived, and this alone was worth a great deal. At the end of my stay at the sanatorium I had lost about 10 lb. in weight. This I gradually regained, and with it came returning strength; and, thoroughly persevering with the treatment, and carrying out all Dr. Alabone's other directions, I found every month a most decided improvement was manifest, till I am now as strong and well as I ever felt in my life.

"I have no shortness of breath, no cough, no expectoration, can walk long distances and run upstairs without fatigue; my voice, which was only a whisper, has returned, and I can indulge in my favourite occupation of singing; in fact, thank God, I am perfectly cured, and again able to undertake my work, which is of a very arduous nature."—A Professional Nurse.

Pages could be filled with similar letters, but these must convince the most sceptical that the statements brought forward by Dr. Alabone are undeniably genuine. Those who have any interest in the matter are recommended to procure a copy of his work, "The Cure of Consumption," and, after reading it, judge for themselves as to its value. They may, however, be perfectly sure that in placing themselves under this treatment they will be adopting the best chance of cure that can at present be offered.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians. Now in its 48th edition, 168th thousand, and can be obtained for 2s. 6d. post free. Other works by the same author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.; "Infamous Conduct," price 6d.; "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

it did in Greece. The technical school turns out the carpenter that he may earn his living; the public school turns out the "Christian gentleman" whose education, like that of the carpenter, gives him certain specific advantages. Another important factor for the future also presents itself; it is increasingly evident that ability to master one subject cannot be carried over and used in the mastery of another; even in such elementary physical work as the moving of pig-iron, he who moves pig-iron best is he who has been taught to move pig-iron, and has not developed his muscles by another kind of employment. A specific subject requires a specific training, and ability has the closest possible connection with the work to which it is being applied. This suggests the necessity for greater specialisation among all classes, and if the State is to preserve its integrity, this must be accompanied by a wider social realisation on the part of every citizen, an increased sympathy with specialised work, of which a particular individual may have no detailed knowledge.

#### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC METHOD.

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THE theory that to present things as you see them is to present things as they are is one that misleads many writers of fiction, who forget that the theory depends, first, upon their being able to see; and, secondly, upon their being sincere about it when they have seen it. Mere accuracy has nothing to do with it, accuracy being the greatest of all obstacles in the way of truth, as the photographer's camera has proved for all time. Yet the photographic method continues to prevail in contemporary fiction; and when the photograph is a pretty one, with all the blemishes toned down, it is a popular novel; and when it is an ugly photograph, with all the crudities left in, it is called art. Both are really false as pictures of life, but they take in a surprising number of people.

Sometimes, of course, the method is highly successful in its own way, and we get an excellent photograph of life. It all depends, really, on whether you prefer the work of a good photographer or that of an indifferent draughtsman. In the case of Mr. Pett Ridge, we feel convinced that the draughtsmanship would not be indifferent, and we wish he would throw away his camera for a time, and let himself go with a pencil of his own. In him we see the photographic method at its very best; perhaps it would be more accurate to say of him that he applies the cinematograph to life, and the result is a breathless series of pictures thrown upon a screen, without selection, succeeding one another so rapidly as to give the spectator no time to grasp the sequence of events—then, at the end, sudden darkness. While it lasts it causes keen enjoyment; when it is over it leaves no impression behind. But it is so well done, and our enjoyment of it is so genuine, that we resent that abrupt finish to it which misses being a climax because it is merely the end of the film.

"Love at Paddington" is an admirable example of Mr. Pett Ridge's skill with the cinematograph. It sparkles with humor from the first page to the last; it is full of the little human touches that always make his people live men and women, whether they are rogues in society or respectable members of the lower middle class; and it reveals a point of view that is always right. There is a picture of Praed Street on a sleepy Sunday afternoon, of the little tobacco shop where the heroine sits trimming her hat, and outside of which a couple of boys

"Who had been reading stories of wild adventure in the Rocky Mountains, dashed across the road, upset one of Mrs. Mills's placard boards, and flew in opposite directions, feeling that although they might not have equalled the daring exploits of their heroes in fiction, they had gone as far as was possible in a country hampered by civilisation."

There is the exquisite domestic picture drawn by the heroine's match-making aunt, who doesn't exactly want her niece to worry about getting married:—

"I only want her to keep it in view. What I should like more than anything would be to see a young man who was fond

of her come in here at a time like this, and take his piece of bread and butter, fold it, enjoy it, and sing to us afterwards."

There is another picture of the Zoo on a Sunday afternoon, where Gertie, keeping "it" in view, does meet her young man and all his aristocratic relations, he being an architect, who narrowly misses being a baronet, and not at all the young man of her aunt's imagination, who is more closely personified in a "popular entertainer," of the name of Bulpert. Mr. Bulpert is admirably described by himself, in a single sentence. "I hope," says Mrs. Mills,

"That, later on, you'll do your best to make her happy."

"But it's her," protested Bulpert, "it's her that's got to make me happy."

And so it goes on to the end of the film, when the real baronet turns up, and Gertie is able to marry the architect, of whom his mother says that "his heart is in the right place; but sometimes I wonder whether it is the right kind of heart." And one of the cinematographic flashes that stays in our mind is of the railway bookstall, where Gertie, declining a book she knows already, because it happens to have been written by her cousin, is promptly offered a "Merchant of Venice" instead by the newsboy, with the remark that he supposes "it's no use showing you anything written by your Uncle William."

In "Force Majeure" we have a very different photograph of modern life. There is nothing breathless about it; it is deliberate to a fault, and not a detail is omitted. The story, what there is of it, could have been told in a book half the length of this one; and the people in it would have gained by being a little less logically presented, a little less carefully drawn from a pattern that the author has in his mind at the beginning of the book, and means to keep to, even if human nature has to go by the board. This is seen particularly in the character of the man Harbourton. We are told that he had his human outbreaks in a wild American past; but the immense amount of trouble taken over him by the author does not make him a live human being in the present. Even the woman who finally marries him

"Looked at him, the corners of her mouth twitching; it was droll to think of Harbourton in a state of 'feverish panic'; you might as easily see Julius Caesar in hysterics."

And we agree with her that "the trivial surface things" are sometimes "preferable to this sort of ponderous sincerity." Yet the book is a sincere piece of work, and for that we are grateful. If it is slightly heavy at times, it never touches bathos; the author's sense of humor even enables him, as we have shown in the passages already quoted, to turn round and laugh at himself. But although this faculty raises him above the level of the bad novelist, we are not sure that it would not prevent him from being placed among the best; and it is this touch of artistic self-consciousness which runs through the book and spoils it as a picture, though it leaves it an exceptionally clever photograph. The point of view is unprejudiced and broad-minded, and the newer relations between men and women are faced, and sympathetically treated. What is really wrong with the book is that it is on too small a scale. Human passions, social problems, modern questions, are all seen in miniature; we miss the larger issues, and feel that it does not very much matter what happens to anybody in so restricted a scenario.

The author of "Clarice and Others" does not make his photograph a flattering one. Crudity is the prevailing characteristic of his book, and the result is not pleasing. A more unpleasant set of people than those collected on Seabeam Island—a most barren and uninteresting place in itself—could scarcely be imagined. No sign of pettiness is wanting in the natures of most of the men and women who visit this bleak spot for their summer holiday; and it is difficult to imagine why Mr. H. R. Murray thought it worth while to write a book about them at all. He does not make it witty, or amusing, or thrilling; there is no action in his story, and the love affair with Clarice is simply silly.

Quite another kind of imperfection is shown in "The Rose of Life," a very sugary romance of two beautiful girls, whom loss of money compels to earn a livelihood. In a book of this sort, nothing but pity is ever expressed for the woman who has to quit an idle life for a busy one. Still, it is the kind of pity that always brings a chivalrous husband swiftly upon the scene; and in Miss Effie A. Rowland's story, two chivalrous husbands appear in the course of the

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## HOW MODERN SCIENCE IS BUILDING BRAINS.

ALTHOUGH it is still as true as ever it was that "man cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to his stature," yet modern Science is making enormous strides in improving him both physically and mentally.

To a certain extent, mental and physical development go together, for in improving the physique, the brain must be centred on the muscles, thus increasing its power of concentration, &c. By physical work, the digestion is also improved. The individual is thus better able to transform his food into healthy tissue and pure blood. By this better blood, the brain becomes better nourished and developed.

Direct brain improvement is also being attained by properly graduated mental exercise and by educating the organs it controls. An example of the latter is the modern movement for making the left hand as capable as the right, thus developing that side of the brain which controls its movements. Yet another way is by providing food essentially suited to the nourishment of the brain cells.

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first two chapters. Of course, they do not instantly declare themselves as such; the book still remains to be written; but the two heroines lose no time in discovering the state of their own feelings in the matter, and, after a certain amount of tribulation, consequent upon the difference in their fortunes, the evil designs of a jealous third person, to say nothing of a lunatic wife who has to die first, the two marriages are finally effected. It is astonishing that this kind of romance should still be written and read by real people, who, after all, are made of flesh and blood, even if a certain kind of photographer manages to convert them into a picture on a chocolate-box.

A slight thrill redeems "The Ban" from mere sentimentalism. A hero, with Red Indian blood in him, of which he knows nothing himself, and a father who is haunted by a Red Indian curse that pursues him to a quiet English village, and causes him to meet his death there late on a summer night, are not to be met with in every modern novel. There is a touch of psychology, too, in the situation that is created when the hero's wife, who married him for money because her family was poor, bears him a little black son, and, for lack of love, cannot forgive her husband, though he was ignorant of the taint when he married her. The story is good enough as it stands; it could have become, in the hands of a master, either a first-rate novel of incident or a subtle study of character. Unfortunately, Mr. Lester Lurgan is unable to make of it more than a rather lifeless love story, with a terribly sentimental death-scene in the last chapter. The accuracy of the camera may often miss the truth; but even accuracy is preferable to slushy insincerity.

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. September 13.	Price Friday morning. September 20.
Consols ... ..	74	74½
Midland Deferred ... ..	70½	70
Canadian Pacific ... ..	281	284½
Mexican Railway Ordinary ... ..	61½	62
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	103	102½
Union Pacific ... ..	175½	176½xd

THE City is very prosperous, and plenty of money is being made out of the the big margin now existing between loans and discounts, though the discount rate has been kept rather too high for a large volume of business. There is a strong belief now that the United States will import gold before long, as money there is already getting scarce, and the bumper crops will need a great deal of financing. Under the circumstances (with business in the States improving rapidly) investment in American railroads looks attractive, but there is little sign of speculative activity in this market, owing, no doubt, to the Presidential Election, which always has a damping effect upon Wall Street's leaders. Mr. Morgan has plumped for President Taft and the old guard of high protection. But there are whispers that the Morgan influence is waning, and that rival financiers in New York are encroaching upon his dictatorship. Be that as it may, the general opinion is that Woodrow Wilson will triumph, and that considerable reductions of the Tariff will be made. The Foreign Market has been taken up in speculative buying and selling of Peru Stocks, which have risen on heavy Continental purchases and on a rumor that the Directors of the Peruvian Corporation are favorably disposed to a new scheme which would increase the dividend on Peruvian Preference. But the great excitement of the week has been the *coup* of Mr. Crisp and his friends in negotiating a ten-million loan with the new Chinese Government. They actually sold half a million of Chinese Treasury Bills in London on Thursday. Thus the Heathen Chinese seems to have outwitted the six Powers and their bankers. It is an extraordinary situation, which is keenly relished by the London Stock Exchange, and it certainly shows what an influence is wielded by that institution when it can defy an alliance of the Foreign Office and the bankers, as well as a combination of six Powers, all of whom were expecting to get something out of China by means of loans raised mainly in London and Paris. It would, however, be premature to assume that the struggle is over. But, obviously, New China has

won the first trick with the aid of unofficial London. Apart from money, stocks, and loans, we need only say that our towns are very prosperous, and trade very good, in spite of the wretched corn harvest, and the heavy losses suffered by farmers in most parts of England. The spell of fine weather will, however, have done something to retrieve the disasters of August. The Canadian crops have also suffered a good deal from wet and cold.

#### PRICES AND YIELDS IN THE AMERICAN MARKET.

The American Market is very much in the hands of big operators who, by their control of the banks, are able to enlarge or restrict facilities for speculating on borrowed money. But prices can only oscillate round and about the level at which they would naturally stand. They may be held up for a considerable time, but sooner or later the speculators must let the market fall, aiding its descent by short sales in order to profit by the fall, and to prepare the ground for a rise on the next favorable opportunity. The great rise of prices in 1909 was due to the vast supplies of idle capital released after the 1907 panic had locked up capital and paralysed business. The fall since then has been due mainly to the decreased earnings of the railroads as the result of the after-effects of the panic. Now railroad earnings are increasing. There have been attempts to work up revivals in Wall Street on the strength of improving trade prognostications, but the market's strength has not lasted, because of the increasing tightness of money. The present, therefore (as I said above), may be no bad time for looking at Americans from the investment point of view. The dividend policy of American Railways is totally different from that of the English lines. They do not divide profits right up to the hilt every time, but aim at showing a surplus above and beyond the dividend. These surpluses are not always real surpluses, and in bad times are apt to decrease or even disappear without much apparent reason, but on the whole the policy keeps the dividend very much more steady. The following are the yields on the leading American Railway Stock at present prices:—

	1911.		Present Div.	Earned	Yield.
	Highest.	Lowest.	Price.	% in 1911.	£ s. d.
Atchison Com. ... ..	119½	103½	111½	6	9½ 5 7 6
Do. 5% Pref. ... ..	109	103½	104½	5	— 4 17 0
Baltimore & Ohio ... ..	112½	96½	110½	6	7 5 8 6
Do. 4% Pref. ... ..	92½	86½	87½	4	— 4 11 3
Chesapeake & Ohio ... ..	89½	71	82½	5	5 18 3
Chic., Mil., & St. Paul ... ..	137½	108½	110½	5	4½ 4 11 3
Do. 7% Pref. ... ..	150½	147	145	7	— 4 15 6
Illinois Central ... ..	151½	135½	132½	7	10½ 5 4 6
Louisville & Nashville ... ..	165½	141½	167½	7	14½ 4 3 0
N.Y. Central ... ..	119	104	118½	5	6½ 4 4 0
Norfolk & Western ... ..	114½	102½	120½	6	9 5 0 0
(Pennsylvania.)					
Northern Pacific ... ..	141½	114½	131½	7	8½ 5 6 6
Pennsylvania (\$50) ... ..	67½	61	63½	6	8½ 4 14 0
Reading Com. (\$50) ... ..	83½	69½	85½	6	6½ 3 8 6
Southern Pacific ... ..	128½	106½	114½	6	9½ 5 4 0
Union Pacific ... ..	197½	159½	175½	10	16½ 5 14 0
Do. 4% Pref. ... ..	98½	91½	91½	4	— 4 7 0

Comparison of the rates earned on the common stock with those actually paid affords some guide to the ability of the various companies to meet adverse times. But these do not form an accurate guide. Some companies may keep working expenses at a low rate and improve the property out of surplus income, while others add to their property through working expenses and show proportional lower surpluses. The standards laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission have brought the accounts more into line since 1908, but have not altogether got rid of differences of policy. The rate of dividend earned is stated from the year 1910-11, because only a few of the figures are available for 1911-12. The rapidity with which the margin of security may decline is shown, however, by the Union Pacific, which earned 19 per cent. in 1909-10, 16½ per cent. in 1910-11, and not quite 14 per cent. in 1911-12. The Union Pacific, however, had been working upon a low ratio of expenditure, as low as 51 per cent. in 1909, while for 1911 the rate rose to 60 per cent. The Pennsylvania's ratio has remained steady at about 70 per cent., and there is no doubt that Pennsylvania stock is a good investment, there being a large reserve of strength, apart from that disclosed in the actual figures.

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A Short Story,

**"MY OWN PARISH,"** by J. D. BERESFORD.

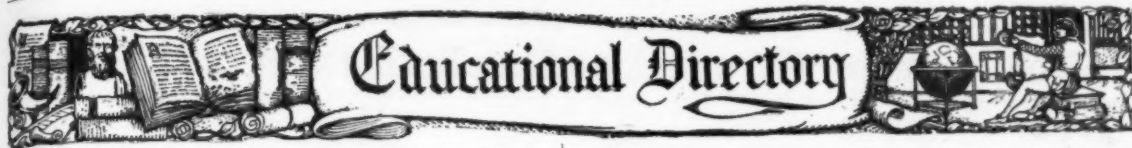
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